

THE

WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA & NEWFOUNDLAND

WILLIAM BOOTH, GENERAL.
T. B. COOMBS, COMMISSIONER.

22nd Year. No. 49.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 1, 1906.

Price 5 Cents.



ON HIS THIRD MOTOR CAMPAIGN. — A NEW PHOTO OF THE GENERAL.

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When you are sad and lonely,
And friends have you forgot;
When comrades dear have slighted you,
And hard may be your lot;

When all is dark as midnight,
And home you cannot be—
No earthly voice to cheer you,
And no mother dear to see;

When temptations round you gather,
And your load seems hard to bear;
When trials thick confront you,
And defeat seems strangely near—

Think, there's One who's always near you,
One whose love each soul can know,
Jesus Christ, our dearest leader,
Who has conquered every foe.

Look to Him for help and comfort,
Power and strength to do the right;
He will joy and comfort give you,
Change your darkness into light.

Lean on Him, His arm is mighty,
He will all your burdens bear,
For He is a loving Saviour,
And with Him you need not fear.

Live like Him, so meek and humble,
Be a bright and shining light;
Follow in His blessed footsteps,
Work and pray with all your might.

Rely on Him when life is ended,
Share the joys of heaven above,
No more sorrow, no more sadness,
One eternal day of love.

D. French.

What Sam Trotter Saw.

A COSTER STORY.

"Some people I've knowed in my time," began Sam Trotter, the costermonger, "is so good that they wish they could build a orphanage, an' scoop in all the pore kids who has't a farrer or a murther to tan their hides. It's jolly cheap 'aving a nannikin like that, 'cos it costs nothin', an' ye gits the reputation of bein' a good man. But wot mikes a start on the pore norphan wot's 'avin' for a crust of bread in the gutter outside yer own door? Commandeer 'is 'eart, try to do 'im some good, giv' 'im a job, look after 'im a bit, let 'im see that ye want to be a farrer to 'im, ex. setery. That'll be better'n wishin' on wot's rich enough to build a norphage."

"Bless if yer 'on't allus say somethin' every time ye speak," said Joe Hollins. "Wich I 'eerd a religious chap say one dy that 'e wished 'e could sweep drunkenss out of the land at one stroke."

"Ye'll never 'it it, nor nobody else won't," I sed. "Oh, to do a meefing grite to benefit my fello-men!" 'e side, lookin' up at the clouds, an' sighin', baimy like.

"Better mike a start on the next drunkard ye meet, guvener," I sed. "Wot about the drunkard cove in your street who knocks 'is wife about?" I sed. "Mike a start on 'im, mate. Giv' 'im mids respectable an' sober. Better'n 'avin' a useless wish to sweep drunkenss out of the land at one wive of the paw." An' 'e looked a bit ashamed like, an' 'e dried up."

A Sensation or Nothink.

"That's it," said Sam; "some chaps 'cos they can't do a big sensation they do nothin' at all. Jokers who are goin' to wite for a chance to build a norphage, or chock poverty off by the mile, ain't much class, 'cos the chance never comes. Better mike a start, as you sy, on the ones an' twos, like as the Army sisters do. Wich they don't sit dahn an' do nothin', witin' for a chance to git a tharsand drunks sived at one dose. They start on any 'drunk', or wrong un they kin git 'old of."

"I 'member a ninterstin' incident wich shows ye what useful fings kin be done wen ye mike a neffort. Mebbe it wouldn't read much in print, 'cos people wants to see such a lot for a 'penny wen they buy a piper; but this 'ere hanthem wot I'm goin' to chant to yer meant a nufol lot to the pore woman who was fished out of the trouble."

Savage War Dance.

"I'll tell ye just 'ow the program started. The Army sister an' a few of 'er Cadets an' soldiers were 'oldin' a open-air meetin' one night in a rough

street dahn 'ere. Rough, dil I sy? Well, I spore you'll call it rough. The sisters were pelted wiv rubbish, dead rats, cabbage-stalks, an' everyfing else that was what a rook would call 'high'. They were set on by a mob of roughs—proper giddy young wheeks they were, and no error. It was a success of wild animals on the rampage, mates, an' the roughs pelted the sisters about, an' dranded their singin' wiv their yahops an' savage war-dance. Theer wasn't a 'oop' wivins sight—the 'Ooligans knew that, so they keep up the sport till they was tired aht.

"Wen the row was still proceedin', a poor, but respectable-looking woman came along, an' fairly charmed by the row, the 'Ooligans' yahops, an' the sisters' singin', she stopped, an' wonderin' whether they was all on piece-work, or bein' pided by the dy, she got awy nearer to the open-air meetin', an' she 'pared to be the only one who was payin' any nothin' to what was bein' side. Nar this was a 'markable fing about this woman. It was only by accident, ye might say, that she sor the Army open-air meetin', an' then she wouldn't 'ave seen it at all if it 'adn't been for the porful row the 'Ooligans was makin'." The woman follered the sisters to the little Slum Hall. From the fast ye could see that she was shook up. Tears began to trickle dahn 'er face at intervals, an' at the close of the meetin' she went aht to the front to pray, an' the new experience she'd fand at the mercy seat soon showed itself in 'er face an' 'er testimony.

"'Er story of 'er past life was a werry sad one, an' just shows yer 'ow a poor woman may drift up an' dahn in this 'ere bloomin' smoke-hole. She was a decent woman to start wiv, an' 'ad been arn'd 'er livin' by cleanin' an' washin', but as she couldn't git enuff of this splash ter do, she put in a bit of overtime at sellin' fings from a basket at night.

"Owsomever, this scheme didn't pan aht good enuff, an' fair sick of life, she went to live wiv a man wot wanted a 'ouse-keeper, an' like tharsands in brutif London, they lived together as man an' wife wivout givin' the rigidstrar the chance to the 'em up legal like. Common enuff fings in these parts, worse luck! But theer!—this world ain't a Paradise yit, at least, London ain't.

The Unfortunate Woman.

"Before werry long, the unfortuit woman fand aht that she would 'ave hofe 'erself an' 'er guvener to keep, 'cos 'e wasn't goin' to do no more work, an' don't forgit it. Wy should 'e work 'en 'e 'ad a 'dutch' to work for 'im? Not 'im. 'E was born an' brought up in the slime, an' 'e was one of these 'ere parrysites wot sucks blood aht of a stone or anyfing it can stick its claws an' suckers in. 'E was a prize-medal beer-mopper as well, an' 'e used to bully the woman for money until she couldn't arn 'aht enuff in a respectable wy, so she took to the streets to balance up 'er income a bit, so that 'er bully would leave off threatenin' 'er an' kickin' 'er about.

"She'd been livin' this kind of football life some mun's wen she kime parst the Army open-air meetin' on this particler night. She was a woman who was fairly done up an' broken-earted. Ye might fink it strange, but in 'er wy, she'd been prayin' for a time that God would open aht a wy for 'er. An' nar the wy 'ad come, an' she tuk it. As a proof that she was sincere, she left 'er bully an' 'er wrong life at once, an' the Army sisters sent 'er to the Women's Shelter, an' from theer she was sent into a Army 'Ome.

"Nar, theer ye are! A fing like that was a million times better'n 'avin' a nambition to do a grite sensation wich would never 'appen. Like as the Slum Sister once side, we must begin where we can. Some chaps would be willin' to preach if they could git a nordiende of two or three tharsand, but they despise a little crard of listeners on the street, or in the hall. Theer's allus somebody knockin' about wiv a achin', broken 'eart who is witin' for some sympathy to come orlong, but people is so selfish that they fink if they can't bless a tharsand orl at once to git their nimes in the pipers, they'll do nothin', an' won't like a pleasure in blessin' the ones and twos. Luk at th' 'larstin' good wot might be done if everybody set to work to git 'old of the next 'drunk' they kime acrost, or to 'elp the next one in trouble. An' that's the wy most good is g'n' to be done."—Social-Gazette.

However things may seem, no evil thing succeeds, and no good thing is a failure.—Longfellow.

Self-Ignorance.

Of all kinds of ignorance, that which is the most strange, and, so far as it is voluntary, the most culpable, is our ignorance of self. For not only is the subject in this case that which might be expected to possess for us the greatest interest, but it is the one concerning which we have amplest facilities and opportunities of information. Who of us would not think it a strange and unaccountable story could it be told of him that for years he had labored under his roof a guest; whose face he had never seen—a constant inmate of his home, who was yet to him altogether unknown?

It is no supposition, however, but unquestionably a fact, that to not a few of us, from the first moment of existence there has been present, not beneath the roof, but within the breast, a mysterious, silent, an inseparable companion, nearer to us than friend or brother, yet to whom after all we know little or nothing. What man of intelligence among us would not be ashamed to have had in his possession some rare or universally admired volume with its leaves uncut? Or to be the proprietor of a repository filled with the most exquisite productions of genius, and the rarest specimens in science and art, which yet he himself never thought of entering? Yet surely no book so worthy of perusal, no chamber containing objects of study so curious, so replete with interest for us, as that which seldom or never attracts our observation—the book,

The Chamber of Our Hearts.

We sometimes reproach with folly those people who have traveled far and seen much of distant countries, and yet have been content to remain comparatively unacquainted with their own. But how venial such folly compared with that of ranging over all other departments of knowledge, going abroad with perpetualquisitiveness over earth, sea, and sky, whilst there is a little world within the breast which is still to us an unexplored region. Other scenes and objects we can only study at intervals; they are not always accessible, or can be reached only by long and laborious journeys; but the bridge of consciousness is soon crossed, we have but to close the eye and withdraw the thoughts from the world without in order at any moment to wander through the scenes and explore the phenomena of the still more wondrous world within.

To examine other objects delicate and elaborate instruments are often necessary: the resources of the astronomer, the botanist, the chemist, can be prosecuted only by means of rare and costly apparatus; but the power of reflection, that faculty more wondrous than any mechanism which art has ever fashioned, is

An Instrument Possessed by All

—the poorest and most illiterate, alike with the most cultured and refined, have at their command an apparatus by which to sweep the inner furniture of the soul, and bring into view its manifold phenomena of thought and feeling and motive. And with all the unequalled facilities for acquiring this sort of knowledge, can it be questioned that it is the one sort of knowledge that is most commonly neglected, and that, even amongst those who would disdain the imputation of ignorance in history or science or literature, there are multitudes who have never acquired the merest rudiment of the knowledge of self.—John Caird, D.D.

Real Poverty.

There is a poverty far worse than the want of the goods of the earth. It is the want of noble emotion for noble things; the want of love and, therefore, of the pursuit of ideals which are beyond our present reach; the want of the power of seeing beauty, of admiring it, or of loving it if seen; the want of imagination; inability to reverence, to admire, to enjoy; the poverty which is the absence of those capacities whereby we are ravished out of self and its desires into the worlds which are beyond all knowledge; those high and noble regions where dwell ideas and their forms which make the unreal, but which are, in reality, the substance of the shadow-world in which we live. This is a terrible poverty, and it pervades all classes. This, in all its forms, is the worst poverty which besets the modern world.—Dr. Stopford Bruce.

Opening of

This event will long be remembered of the corps. Lieut. Colonel Adjt. and Mrs. Carter, and Bay Band, were warmly

After tea (kindly prepared and prayer-meeting they were where the strains of sweet enormous crowd, a large number to the hall to see and hear Colonel Sharp. The Colonel interesting pictures.

Grand Canals

from the Yukon to the St. along the canvas. Next corner solo by little Will lowed views of the sunny snowy, lily-fields and star Bandman Riddle, then picturesque scenery of river

fishing villages nestling hills. Ice-bound Labrador maux inhabitants next But the best of all on life and ministry of the As the Colonel, with a upon each picture, a fill the hall, and we I doing His work in eve

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Ignorance.

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Opening of New Citadel at North Sydney, C.B.

This event will long be remembered in the history of the corps. Lieut. Colonel Sharp, Major Phillips, Adj. and Mrs. Carter, and the well-known Glace Bay Band, were warmly welcomed on Saturday night.

After tea (kindly prepared by Mrs. Adj. Allen) and prayer meeting they marched to the open-air, where the strains of sweet music soon drew an enormous crowd, a large number of which followed to the hall to see and hear "My Life's Story," by Colonel Sharp. The Colonel exhibited his most interesting pictures.

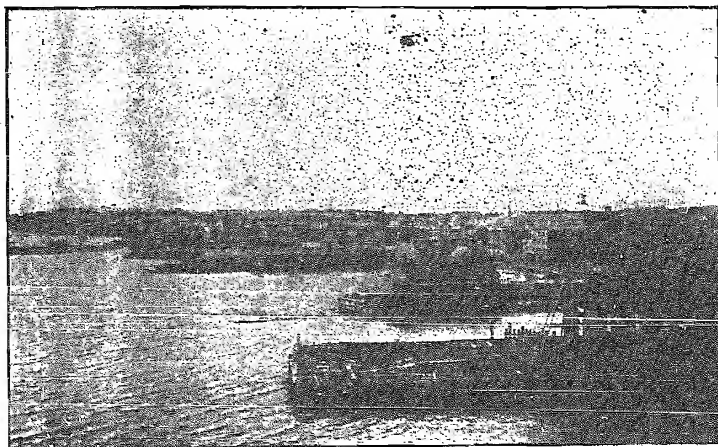
Grand Canadian Scenery.

from the Yukon to the St. Lawrence, passed rapidly along the canvas. Next on the program was a cornet solo by Little Willie Cameron. Then followed views of the sunny Bermuda Isles, with their snowy,illy-fields and stately palms. A solo by Bandsman Riddle, then Newfoundland with its picturesque scenery of river and lake, with its little

open-air and the return march to the hall. Much to our regret they had to leave us then, but Adj. and Mrs. Carter and Capt. Ritchie bravely filled the gap with vocal and instrumental music. Colonel Sharp gave an interesting address from the first chapter of Acts. The prayer meeting was well fought out, Major Phillips and the other officers fishing, while the Colonel kept the prayer meeting going.

On Monday evening our visiting specials were reinforced by the officers from the surrounding corps. After a roasting open-air and return to the hall, began the pleasing task of dedicating our beautiful building to the service of God and the Salvation Army. Mayor Hackett was chairman of the meeting, ably assisted by our Town Clerk, Hon. J. N. Armstrong. They were warmly welcomed on their arrival by the entire congregation.

The Colonel, in a few well-chosen words, solemnly dedicated the hall to the service of God and the



North Sydney. Beautiful for Situation.

fishing villages nestling in the shadow of the mighty hills. Ice-bound Labrador with some of its Esquimaux inhabitants next passed before our view. But the best of all on the program came next, the life and ministry of the blessed Master Himself. As the Colonel, with a few well-chosen words dwelt upon each picture, a solemn stillness seemed to fill the hall, and we believe the Holy Spirit was doing His work in every heart present.

At 7 a.m. Sunday morning we met for knee-drill, which was thoroughly enjoyed by all present.

After the march and open-air at 10.30, a goodly number filled the hall. Major Phillips spoke on "Diversities of Gifts, but the Same Spirit." The Colonel prayed and drew in the net, but though some were convicted, no one yielded.

Sunday afternoon the Colonel preached the annual sermon to the Orange Association. Between six and

Seven Hundred People

thronged the building. The sunlight streaming through the windows upon the handsome Orange regalias, and the bright coats of the handsomen, made a bright spot that shall linger long in the memory of those who were privileged to be present.

Sunday night we had the hand with us for the

Army. The Royal Albert Hall, in North Sydney, is no more—the Salvation Army Citadel takes its place.

Hon. J. N. Armstrong remarked that every good citizen of North Sydney should rejoice that the hall had been taken up by the Army and dedicated to the glory of God.

One of the Greatest Men

of the age, the honorable speaker, is General Booth. A wonderful man is that man, who has captured the heart of England. Other men get honor after death. He, in his lifetime, has got honor that only comes to kings.

A duet was sung by the Sydney Songsters, the Maclean Sisters, after which our former officer, Ensign Lorimer, spoke.

The Mayor asked for contributions towards the hall, and the canaries flew around. The Mayor went on to say that the people of North Sydney did not appreciate the work of the Army as they should. "Since I have been in office they have helped us with hard cases, with which we have had to deal. Sometimes you have people who never make any sacrifice for the good of the town, say that they are so discouraged at the efforts of the Church and the Army. What right have people who

make no sacrifice for the good of others to get discouraged with those who do? Our public men are realizing to-day, as they never did before, the work of the Salvation Army. We are too apt to forget that 'righteousness exalteth a nation.' Nations have gone down through forgetting that. In our own little town we are each responsible for the good that we can do. What will it profit if we gain all that Rockefeller has, and do no good with our lives after all?"

We wended our way homewards after the meeting with thankful hearts, praising God for providing us with a place of our own in which to glorify His name.—Minnie Pike.

Lieut.-Colonel Sharp's Farewell.

(By Wire.)

The Eastern P. O's farewell campaign opened with wonderful gatherings at Glace Bay. Mayor, friends, soldiers and locals eulogize the administration of Colonel and Mrs. Sharp. The Glace Bay Band, numbering over thirty pieces, assisted nobly and worked like Trojans. A packed house Monday night joined in saying a last good-bye. Finances A. 1. A number of souls at te mercy seat.—Chancellor.

Nearing Port Arthur!

The Army Flag Unfurled at Dalny.

The Salvation Army flag has been planted in Dalny, one of the chief cities of the Liaotang Peninsula, made famous during the siege of Port Arthur in the Russo-Japanese War.

Dalny was originally a part of the Chinese Empire, was occupied first by Japan, and then by Russia, and is now once more under the control of our allies.

Capt. and Mrs. Kono, capable and reliable Japanese officers, have been sent to pioneer our work there.

The Captain will, in addition to our ordinary operations, take over immediately a Rescue Home which has already been established by the Y. M. C. A.

The temporary Home which has been opened in the port, with its fifteen inmates, has been passed on to us. The authorities are thoroughly in sympathy with our work, and have promised to help us all they can.

England's Sovereigns: to Date.

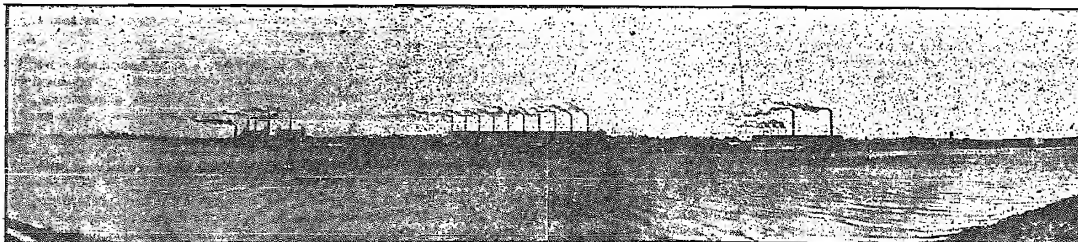
First William the Norman; then William his son; Henry, Stephen, and Henry; then Richard and John. Next Henry the Third, Edwards I, II, and III; And again, after Richard, three Henry's we see, Two Edwards, third Richard—had king, I confess—Two Henry's, sixth Edward, Queen Mary, Queen Bess.

Then Jamie of Scotland; then Charles, whom they slew.

Yet received, after Cromwell, another Charles too. Next James the Second ascended the throne; Then good William and Mary together came on. Queen Anne, Georges four, fourth William—all gone.

Victoria then leaves the crown to her son. And now the old anthem of England will ring: "Long live Edward Seventh! O God, save the King!"

Heaven unites again the links that earth has broken.



Commercial Cape Breton, Steel Furnaces near North Sydney.

BEFORE AND AFTER

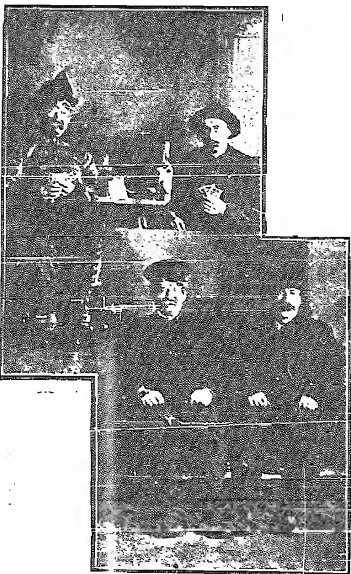
Salvation Army Works Wonders with Humanity.

WILLIAM VINCENT AND WILLIAM EBERT, FORMER PRIZE FIGHTER AND GAMBLER, RESPECTIVELY, TELL OF EXPERIENCES OF YEARS AGO.
(From the Minneapolis Tribune.)

The Minneapolis Salvation Army is responsible for the reformation of two of the toughest specimens of humanity that ever wandered about loose. Their names are William Vincent and William Ebert. At the time of their conversion, five months ago, they freely admitted that they had not drawn a sober breath in twenty years. A quart of whiskey was only a "nip" for either of them, and Vincent is sure he could have consumed a keg of beer. At the time they swore off, alcohol was their favorite beverage.

Wandered into Army Meeting.

Vincent and Ebert, with no other place to go, wandered aimlessly into a Salvation Army meeting, primarily with the intention of creating a "rough house." Both were bunsy fellows, one being an ex-prizefighter, the other an ex-gambler, and both were eminently capable of carrying out their origi-



nal intention of "doin' somethin' thin, and doin' it good."

As they took their seat in the Salvation Army hall the Christian soldiers were singing, "Oh, where is my wandering boy to-night?"

Like the thrill of an electric shock was the effect the music had on them. Memories which had slumbered for years came rushing back upon them; the faces of loved ones came before their eyes. They forgot that they had intended to create a disturbance. Quietly they slipped into their seats. Even their tousled heads sank upon their breasts when the invocation was offered.

Through the rest of the service intense interest was manifest, and when the uniformed leader called for all those truly repentant to come forward, two shabbily-dressed individuals nervously shifted in their seats, looked at one another, and finally simultaneously arose and made their way to the front.

That was the beginning of a new life for them. Since then they have become sober, neat, honorable, industrious workers, and, what is more, they have proudly donned the uniform of the Salvation Army and are never weary of telling their experiences of what the Army has done for them, and what a blessing the Sunday lid is to the man who has been on "both sides" of it.

Vincent tells the story of his life in an open, frank manner.

"I was born," says Vincent, "in New York City in 1850, but you mustn't judge New York too harshly—it couldn't help it. From 1859 until last fall I drank more or less whiskey and other liquor every day—and it was more than it was less. My parents died when I was young, and somehow I got to La Crosse, Wis., where my dear old foster-mother still lives. I worked in a sawmill when I was twenty years old, and all I got out of it was board, clothes, and slivers in my hands.

"At last I concluded that I was making too much money in the sawmill, and, being afraid that the money would wear holes in my pockets, I left for pastures green. I took up the work of a mason and plasterer. But while I was building houses I was also building an appetite for the deadliest drug man ever consumed—whiskey.

"From the building trade I took up clog and wing dancing, and traveled for several years over the east and south with a show. I went to a sparring school and learned something of the manly art. Ultimately I found myself a prizefighter, and have been through forty-nine battles, some of them to my sorrow. I appeared with W. J. Curtis and George Curtis as their sparring partner, and in a real fight stopped each of them in four rounds. I fought fifteen rounds with Mac Hennessy, champion of America, and won gate receipts amounting to \$150. I was, during my pugilist career, knocked out only two times by men, but whiskey has knocked me out time and time again. At La Crosse I met Mike McCool, the Irish giant. We fought with gloves outside the city limits, and I won in ten rounds. Many of the old-time fights were fought with bare fists, and when a blow was landed there was always something doing. It was cruel and bloody sport.

"Will I continue to keep sober? Well, I have ever since last fall, and each day I hate the curse of rum more bitterly."

Vincent's partner, Ebert, at one time was in comfortable circumstances, but lost all he had through drink. Seven years ago he was worth \$10,000. He has been a constant companion of Vincent's for thirty-five years. At one time he was a professional gambler.

He is just as enthusiastic as his companion over his reformation, and is now foreman of the Industrial Home Paper-Sorting Department.

Note.—The Editor is anxious to have a series under the heading "Before and After," showing the experience of those who have been rescued from extraordinary conditions. Photos of individuals and surroundings before and after conversion will be much appreciated. Officers, correspondents, and others, are earnestly urged to send in contributions at once.

An Interesting Letter from Yokohama.

Commissioner Raiton handed the following letter to the Editor, which speaks for itself:—

At Yokohama Prison, where the Warden is very much interested in our work and helping us materially, the Buddhist priest was converted. In all our prisons it is a rule settled by the Government that the chaplains should be Buddhist priests, and it is not seldom that they refuse prisoners to read any books or publications of Christianity. This priest whom I am talking about was against the steps of the Warden of inviting us to preach the opening of the prison to them that are bound, and studied the Bible, not because he wanted to know the truth, but because he wanted to criticize and find fault with it. But while he was reading the book the Holy Spirit led him to see the sinful state of his heart and the necessity of seeking salvation through Jesus Christ. He did so, and found his fetters broken. Hallelujah!



Prayer Topic: Pray for the S. A. International Headquarters, mission boards, missionaries, and S. A. officers on foreign service.

Sunday, Sept. 2.—Saved White Traveling—Acts viii. 26-40.

Monday, Sept. 3.—The Persecutor Won.—Acts ix. 1-18.

Tuesday, Sept. 4.—Paul's Preaching.—Acts ix. 24-44.

Wednesday, Sept. 5.—World for Christ.—Acts x. 1-23.

Thursday, Sept. 6.—First Gentile Pentecost.—Acts x. 24-46.

Friday, Sept. 7.—A Salvation Tour.—Acts xi. 1-30.

Saturday, Sept. 8.—Prayer Answered.—Acts xii. 1-17.



Indian Mission, Glen Vowell, B.C. August 1st, 1908.

Dear Editor,—

I am sending by this mail a photo of one of our little juniors, Maria Brown, daughter of William and Mary Wesley (two soldiers of our corps), and her cousin, taken in the cannery by a white man, while their mothers were packing salmon. If you could find space for this picture we would be pleased.

Thanking you most heartily, and also for all previous insertions, Yours sincerely Mrs. Adj. Thorkildson.

South Africa.

Eighteen more Cadets have recently been commissioned by acting Commissioner Richards. During the past eighteen months the number of officers at work in South Africa has been increased by sixty-two, of whom no fewer than forty have been raised within the country.

During the last tour of Acting-Commissioner Richards in the north, 381 souls were registered at the penitent form. Twenty-three Candidates for officership were also secured, six of whom will probably enter training for the ensuing season.

A Police Sergeant and his wife were among the batch of converts recently sworn in as soldiers at Cape Town.

Some little time ago a local draper got converted at Claremont. For quite a while he attended the meetings merely as a friendly sympathizer, till in a meeting led by the Commissioner a few months since, he was led up to an entire consecration, when he decided to become a soldier, his wife, who is now the Y. P. Sergeant-Major, being one with him in his determination. This comrade now calls off his employees together for prayers before opening his shops in the morning, and already some half-dozen of the people engaged in his business have got saved, and bid fair to become soldiers also. When the Training College at Claremont is in session the Cadets conduct the morning prayers.



An open-air meeting Mon., one Saturday "Give me food! I'm Adj. Tomkins, having sent for some bread he gave him to eat. The poor fellow starved the food in people.

He was afterwards Light Brigade Agent.

He had spent seven his wife, and on his a friend in the world. Meeting the Salvation Army, he was booming round one "Here's the man to be."

He had previously the Army while and missioner Sturgess. Going up to the through the Captain's ment.

Then he began to night gave himself to

The Rev. Hugh B. Camberwell, is a w Emigration scheme, and ities offered by our giving, several of his fresh start in life in

Staff-Capt. Tom P. ried to Capt. Floss. Whatmore, is promot War ...y joins in the

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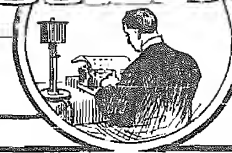
Reports from O effect that it has outpouring, especial Field Secretary, wi first week-end; the wind-up. Lieut-Col Mrs. Major Stanyo were present throu Evans had a splen congratulated upon

Canadian officers note the hopefulness which is called notes:

"Our beloved C her bed. While th

THE ARMY'S WORLD-WIDE FIELD

By Cable or Steam Packet



Great Britain.

An open-air meeting was in progress at Newport, Mon., one Saturday night, when a man shouted, "Give me food! I'm starving!"

Adj. Tomkins, having got the man into the ring, sent for some bread and cheese and milk, which he gave him to eat.

The poor fellow stood in the ring and quickly devoured the food in full view of a big crowd of people.

He was afterwards found lodgings by the local Light Brigade Agent.—R. T.

He had spent seven years in prison for stabbing his wife, and on his release found himself without a friend in the world.

Meeting the Salvation Army Captains on his publishing round one Saturday, he said to himself, "Here's the man to help me!"

He had previously come under the influence of the Army while undergoing his sentence. Commissioner Sturgess having visited the prison.

Going up to the officer, he told his story, and through the Captain's agency was found employment.

Then he began to attend the meetings, and one night gave himself to God.—Herbert Midgley, Capt.

The Rev. Hugh B. Chapman, Vicar of St. Luke's Camberwell, is a warm admirer of the Army's Emigration scheme, and is making use of the facilities offered by our Emigration Department for giving several of his unemployed parishioners a fresh start in life in the Dominion.

Staff-Capt. Tom Plant, who has just been married to Capt. Flossie Newell, by Colonel Hugh Whymore, is promoted to the rank of Major. The War Cry joins in the chorus of congratulations.

The Staff-Captain will be remembered in Canada by the number of instruments he used to play, and often announced as the "Musical Mystery."

United States.

Comm. Honer Kibbey has had a splendid tour in the Iowa Division, and comes back full of gratitude to God for the outlook in Iowa. He speaks very highly of its citizens and their present prosperous condition, also their friendliness to the Salvation Army.

The First Aid Examinations have taken place, and out of thirty-four, thirty received their diplomas. Eunice Bessie Smith, of Territorial Headquarters, led the class.

There is great need for a good, well-trained woman teacher at our Lytton Springs Orphanage. A woman who would stand by Mrs. Bourne in the training of the children would be a God-send at this time, and if she knew something of physical culture it would be all the better.

Reports from Old Orchard Camp are to the effect that it has been a season of exceptional outpouring, especially during the latter part. The Field Secretary, with Major Stanyon, assisted the first week-end; the Chief Secretary conducted the wind-up. Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Reinhardt and Mrs. Major Stanyon, from National Headquarters, were present through the entire campaign. Colonel Evans had a splendid fighting force, and is to be congratulated upon the success of the Camp.

Canadian officers and soldiers will be glad to note the hopefulness contained in the following, which is culled from Lieut.-Colonel McIntyre's notes:

"Our beloved Commander is still confined to her bed. While the pleurisy has passed away, in-

flammation continues. Her recovery is slow. We understand there have been more encouraging symptoms of late."

Australia.

The Congresses which has just been held throughout Australasia have created a new record for numbers, enthusiasm, and results. This is the unanimous opinion of every State.

Over 45,000 soldiers officers and people attended the various meetings, and the seekers reached the magnificent total of 650.

The Officers' Councils were absolutely indescribable. In his addresses, Commissioner McKie excelled his previous best efforts, and was wonderfully sustained throughout the whole of the strenuous campaign.

Staff, Field, and Social Officers abandoned themselves to the Divine influences of the hour. Waves of Pentecostal power and glory seemed to run over the waiting hosts, and the comrades return to their several posts with a renewed and consuming passion for the salvation of souls.

There are thrilling and tremendous rushes to the mercy seat. At the councils for locals especially large numbers claiming the blessing of a clean heart.

The General's message was received with tumultuous hallelujahs and irrepressible signs of joy. Everybody wildly delighted at the prospect of seeing him again in Australia.

The Social Annua's were most striking and triumphant events. At Perth, Adelaide, Sydney, and Brisbane the chair was taken by representative Governors, while at Melbourne the Prime Minister presided.

All classes of society were represented, and

magnificent eulogies were paid to the Army and its beneficent efforts by leading governmental and commercial gentlemen.

The Field Officers are deeply appreciative of the special schemes which have been devised for their particular benefit.

To sum up, from these Congresses the Salvation Army in the Southern Continent takes a big step forward. Hallelujah!

France.

Amongst the workers of the well-known Suchard Chocolate Factory was a young girl who had, upon several occasions, manifested an intention to put an end to her life. The directors of the establishment, being at their wit's end, came to the conclusion that only one set of people could help the girl, and they consequently sent her to the Army. The girl is now a boarder at the Women's Hoteliers in Paris, and, so far as can be seen, has not only given up altogether her idea of suicide, but is repentant and bearing her troubles with courage.

South America.

Concordia—an important river town and business centre hitherto worked as an outpost from Salto—is about to be opened as a separate corps. The prospects are excellent.

Brigadier Bourret speaks most hopefully of the batch of Cadets now in training. The improved system of instruction is working wonders.

The Army's Industrial Home at Buenos Ayres is prospering. It now has its own horse and wagon engaged daily in the streets, and the public support is encouraging.



A Zulu Funeral.—The Weird Burial of Nougoma, Brother of the Chief Mfihleni.

The official examination of the murdered man was rendered almost impossible by the influence of the witch doctors, who were suspected of having caused the crime. It is their custom to cut out the nape of the neck from a dead body. Out of this they melt the fat with which they anoint any person whom they wish to commit outrage. The person so anointed is believed to be entirely in the witch doctor's power. When at length the funeral was allowed to start, it proceeded down a rough road leading from the chief's hut, the men marching on one side, the women on the other. In the background are the doctor and two Natal Mounted Police officers. The body was carried in blankets by eight "chiefs," the two front men carrying twice as a sign of peace. The chief's mother came behind the bearers, and behind the mother was a woman carrying the sticks and spear of the dead man. Mourners wrapped entirely in blankets followed. Two of these carried the dead man's war assegais. Many of the mourners were wrapped in their white blankets and walked with covered heads.

Praying League

Prayer Topic: Pray for the S. A. International Headquarters, mission boards, missionaries on foreign service.

Saved While Traveling.—Acts 16

The Persecutor Won.—Acts 13

Paul's Preaching.—Acts 17:34-42

5.—World for Christ.—Acts 7

—First Gentle Pentecost.—Acts 10

Salvation Tour.—Acts 11:13

Prayer Answered.—Acts 11:17



Young People's Page

Submarine Signaling.

A Description of the Ingenious Apparatus with which Liners are now being Equipped—Its Uses in Warning Vessels of their Approach to Dangerous Coasts, and in Averting Collision.

For about fifty years scientists have been trying to discover a more efficient means of warning vessels of their proximity to dangerous coasts or rocks (says a writer in the current "World's Work"). The existing methods by means of sirens, gun-cotton detonations, and bells, with which lightships and lighthouses are provided, their sounds being audible until the vessel has approached very close to the danger zone. Blizzards and fogs act as impenetrable blankets which the warning sounds cannot penetrate to a very great distance.

The high conductivity of water for the transmission of sound waves has been known for nearly a century, since two well-known scientists carried out a series of experiments upon these lines on Lake Geneva.

No one, however, had thought of turning the vessel itself into the medium for collecting the sounds dispersed through the water. It remained for an American scientist, Professor Lucien L. Black, to make this important advance.

Professor Black's experiments were interrupted by the outbreak of the Spanish-American War, and unfortunately they were never resumed, owing to the pressure of other duties. But while this was going on, Mr. A. J. Mundy, a young scientist of Boston, conceived the idea of utilizing sound waves through water with a view to learning the approach of the Spanish warships in the event of their attempting to make an onslaught in those quarters. Mr. Mundy communicated with Professor Eliza Gray, of Chicago, and in 1898 the Professor co-operated with Mr. Mundy at Boston in further experiments. For four years they worked steadily together.

The Sea-Bell.

For the purposes of the experiments a large flat-bottomed, square-ended barge or scow was constructed and appropriately christened "Sea Bell." In the centre of the craft is a well hole, through which the bell is lowered to a depth of twenty feet into the water. This bell is electrically operated. There was also a well-equipped laboratory, in which experiments were conducted in a small tank. Mr. Mundy succeeded in establishing an important point which subsequently proved to be the crux of the problem with which they were wrestling. He discovered that when he placed a tumbler filled with a certain solution, and containing a sensitive microphone, in an empty kettle, so that the tumbler was in contact with the side of the latter, and floated this in a small tank at one end, the sound of a bell rung beneath the water at the other end of the tank could be distinctly heard by the microphone, thereby showing that the tumbler with its solution, by being in contact with the inside of the kettle, arrested the sound waves collected by the kettle itself, and communicated them through the receiver. When, however, the microphone was removed from the tumbler and placed against the kettle, the sounds, though heard, were very indistinct. From this simple experiment it was evident that the peculiar solution within the tumbler, and its position, played an important part in the collection of sounds.

How it is Done.

With regard to the bells themselves, for distributing the warning signals, considerable difficulty was experienced. At first bells of the type employed for churches were utilized. They were electrically operated, the electro-magnets being carried in a

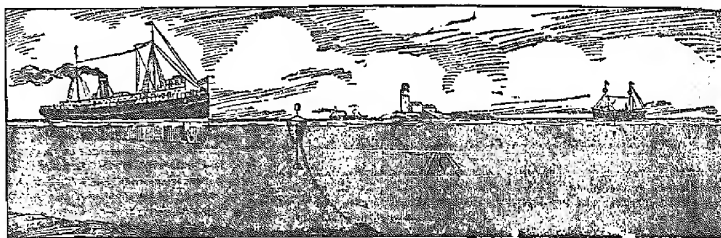


Diagram Showing the Various Methods of Arranging the Submarine Signal Bells.

On the lighthouse the bell is driven by electricity; on the lightship by compressed air or other mechanical means, while the automatic bell-buoy is operated by the motion of the waves. The illustration also shows the position of the receivers, port and starboard, which communicate to the indicator in the wheel-house; of course in practical use three such types of bells are never in such close proximity.

water-tight chamber, and the whole thing being submerged at the requisite point with an electric cable communicating between the bell and the station on shore. The bell which gave the best results on shore was quite unsuitable for submarine work, and repeated tests proved that the most satisfactory bell was one with a thick tip or "sound bow," and having a high musical note—such a tone, though useless in the air, having the best carrying quality under water. One of these bells, weighing one thousand pounds, was submitted to a most exacting test, being kept for a whole year on an exposed portion of the Atlantic coast at a depth of sixty feet, and connected with the shore station by a length of cable measuring 1,200 feet. It was quite successful, but later the investigators were able to obtain a smaller and much lighter bell, with which much better results have been accomplished, the notes being discernable over a distance of sixteen miles.

A line of steamers plying between Boston and New York were fitted with the apparatus, including receivers and transmitters. Bells fitted at four lightships along the course followed by these steamers were ordered to be rung for an hour before the time at which the vessels normally passed, the journey between the two ports occupying some twenty hours. The equipment on board the vessel is very simple. From the tank connected to the interior of the hull below the water-line, containing the microphone, a wire extends to the wheel-house. Here there is a receiver similar to that of the ordinary telephone, attached to an indicator which informs the navigator whether the warning sounds are proceeding from the starboard or port quarter, an installation being provided on either side for that purpose. A little difficulty was experienced in connection with the correct position of the receiver tanks containing the microphone. It was found that if the receptacles were filled with a solution of greater density than the sea-water, and that if the microphones were tuned to the recognition of sounds of high pitch and not those of low vibration, the tones of the bell were heard quite distinctly and were not mingled with the "ship's noises" (sounds produced on the vessel itself), which appeared to pass along the hull of the boat rather than through the microphone apparatus.

In locating the sounds the mariner applies the receiver to his ear, any of the starboard apparatus. By means of a switch he next brings the port instrument into play, and he can then determine by the greater density of the volume of the tones heard, upon which side the bell is placed. When the vessel is proceeding directly towards the bell the sounds from the two apparatus sound exactly alike, but the slightest swinging round of the boat

to one side results in a distinct deviation in the volume of intensity.

A Striking Proof.

The system is now being adopted extensively. The Canadian Government was the first to prove its importance. In the forepicks of each of its vessels a tank was installed filled with sea-water, and with a bell suspended in it. In the cabin of the Canadian Minister, the late Hon. Raymond Prefontaine, who was present, a special receiver was installed. The vessels were approaching each other at a speed of fourteen knots. When three miles apart, at three o'clock in the morning, the bell in the approaching steamer was rung by hand, and although the Minister had never before heard the peculiar sounds transmitted through the water, he immediately detected them. This convinced him that the system was not only of great value in warning a ship of its approach to a dangerous coast, but could be employed by vessels for warning one another in the open sea, and thus averting collision. The latest vessels of the Canadian White Star Lines are fitted with it. The Harbors Docks and Harbor Board have decided to install the

How to Keep

By Lieut.-Colonel S. Author of "Helps to Holiness" on Holiness.

"How can I keep the blessing? I do not let you poor have the thought that you have to do this, as in all else, you are a God. He loves you more than child, and He is going to dwell in your heart, and you much about keeping the blessing Him.

It will not be a hard matter heart if you are in earnest, there when you were a sinner desires to stay there as long as and if you will let Him. He

A leading officer of the S. a personal friend of mine, who he first heard the doctrine of he could not be holy while in business. But one day he re-

"I pray not that Thou should the world, but that Thou should the evil." He saw at that time keep him, and he sought an-

On, how it rested me one day, when, sorely tempted "Now unto Him who is able ing, and to present you fault of His glory with exceeding was able to keep me, and I ing, and my heart rested on-

"Fear thou not, for I am mayed, for I am thy God; yea, I will help thee; yea, the right hand of My righte-

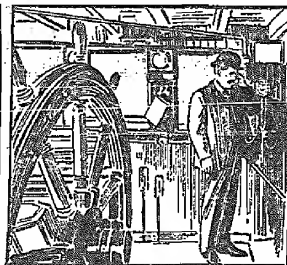
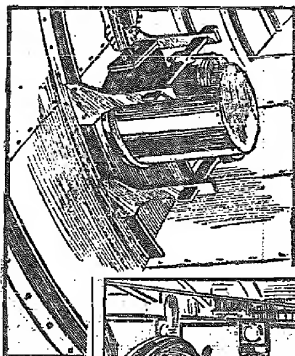
Paul got fairly jubilant over God—it was his boast when separate us from the love of tion, or distress, or pers nakedness, or peril, or sw things we are more than o that loved us. For I am death, nor angels, nor pri nor things present, nor thi nor depth, nor any other c separate us from the love o Christ our Lord." (Romans)

Paul trusted God to keep We should surely fall if Go a moment.

But James tells us that dead"; and so we must no must work together with I

To retain the blessing, the altar. What you have not take back. Satan will down from the cross; the flesh will cry out ag will weep over you, and fr and torment, or threaten rades will criticize you a must take nothing back God. There is usefulness crown, and a kingdom be demnation and ruin behin

You must be quick to o by this that you are to you will not take time t all that you do. God wa and your heart. He wa speak to Him, and consid but once you have found His smile, you must obey that people suffer through Like Felix, they wait for which never comes! and, "Do as Abraham did. Isaac for a burnt offering



Listening on the Steamer to the Warning Tones of the Submerged Bell Sixteen Miles Away.

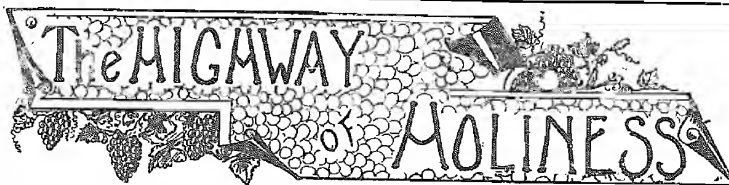
WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

Immediately the new giant Cunard liner, "Lusitania," was launched the other day, the news of the successful event was flashed by wireless telegraphy to all the vessels of the Cunard mail fleet then at sea, and on receipt of the message the head of the printing department on board each vessel included it in the daily bulletin of the following morning, not only an announcement of the launch but a picture and description of the new vessel.

BOY SMOKERS.

Sir William Broadbent, addressing the House of Lords Committee now considering the Juvenile Smoking Bill, made a statement that people who know anything at all of the habits of drunkards will agree with. This is it: "Smoking and drinking habits often go together," and according to the King's physician, smoking lowered the general tone and induced a man to give way to the use of stimulants. Smoking entered into the nature of deterioration among children, improper food, and lack of exercise. Smoking among boys led to concealment and habits of deceit. He would prefer the age limit to be twenty-one, although the worst of the mischief was done before sixteen.

Some Indian muskies are so extremely delicate that when spread on the grass and moistened with the dew they are practically invisible. When large flocks of wild ducks and geese have to travel long distances, they invariably form a triangle, to cleave the air more easily, and the most courageous bird takes position at the forward angle. As this is a very fatiguing post, another bird ere long takes the place of the exhausted leader.



How to Keep Holiness.

By Lieut.-Colonel S. L. Brengle.
Author of "Helps to Holiness" and "Heart-Talks on Holiness."

"How can I keep the blessing of holiness?" you ask. Do not let your poor heart be burdened with the thought that you have to do it all yourself. In this, as in all else, you are a worker together with God. He loves you more than a mother loves her child, and He is going to help you. Remember that the blessing is simply the result of His indwelling in your heart, and you are not to think so much about keeping the blessing as about keeping Him.

It will not be a hard matter to keep Him in your heart if you are in earnest, for He wanted to get there when you were a sinner, and He certainly desires to stay there as long as you will let Him; and if you will let Him, He will keep you.

A leading officer of the Salvation Army, who is a personal friend of mine, once told me that when he first heard the doctrine of holiness, he felt that he could not be holy while engaged in worldly business. But one day he read the prayer of Jesus, "I pray not that Thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldst keep them from the evil." He saw at that moment that God could keep him, and he sought and found the blessing.

Oh, how it rested me and comforted my heart, one day, when, sorely tempted, I read these words, "Now unto Him who is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy." I saw that He was able to keep me, and I knew that He was willing, and my heart rested on the promise.

"Fear thou not, for I am with thee; he that dismayed, for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness." (Isa. xli. 10.)

Paul got gloriously jubilant over the keeping power of God—it was his boast when he wrote, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us. For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Jesus Christ our Lord." (Romans viii. 35-39.)

Paul trusted God to keep him, and so must we. We should surely fall if God withheld His help for a moment.

But James tells us that "faith without works is dead"; and so we must not only trust God, but we must work together with Him.

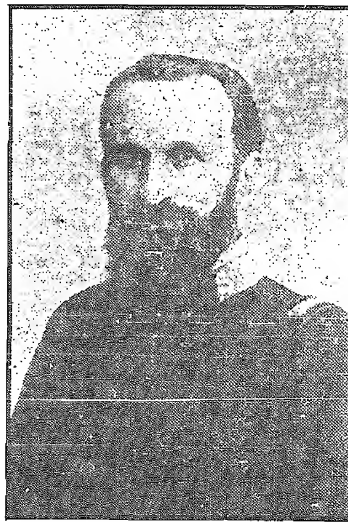
To retain the blessing, you must keep all upon the altar. What you have given to God you must not take back. Satan will try to get you to come down from the cross; the world will allure you; the flesh will cry out against you; your friends will weep over you, and frown upon you, or tease and torment, or threaten you; some of your comrades will criticize you and doubt you, but you must take nothing back that you have given to God. There is usefulness, peace, God's smile, a crown, and a kingdom before you, but only condemnation and ruin behind.

You must be quick to obey God. I do not mean by this that you are to get into such haste that you will not take time to think and pray about all that you do. God wants you to use your head and your heart. He wants you to take time to speak to Him, and consider, and find out His will; but once you have found it out, if you would have His smile, you must obey at once. Oh, the losses that people suffer through hesitation at this point! Like Felix, they wait for "a convenient season," which never comes! and, like Felix, they lose all. "Do as Abraham did. God told him to sacrifice Isaac for a burnt offering—Isaac, the joy of his

house, the light of his eyes, the hope of his old age, the treasure of his heart! He did not parley and delay, but rose up early in the morning . . . and took Isaac, his son . . . and went unto the place of which God had told him.

If you have lost the blessing through a failure to promptly obey, do not be utterly discouraged, but begin again, and God will restore you, but do not trifle with Him again; pray and believe for His help to obey, lest a worse thing come upon you. You must not depend upon your feelings, but as a friend of mine used to say, "Stand by your facts." Young Christians especially are likely to be betrayed into mistakes by their feelings—by their happy feelings as well as their unhappy ones.

When they are happy, they are in danger of thinking themselves better than they are, and of



Colonel Brengle.

not watching and praying as they should; and when they are not happy, they are likely to get discouraged and cast away their confidence in God. The safer way is to pay attention to your facts, and let your feelings take care of themselves.

If people are kind to you, and your digestion is good, and your sleep sound, you will probably feel well. But if people are unkind, and the east wind blows, and you eat something that does not agree with you, and your sleep is broken by unpleasant dreams, you will not feel well; but in neither case is your relation to God changed. Your facts are just the same. If you have given yourself to God in order to be used by Him for the salvation of souls, and have taken nothing back, but can look up into His face and say, "My all is on the altar, and I trust in Thee," then you are His, and your business is to stand by that fact.

The Deathlessness of Love.

If love lives through all life, and survives through all sorrow, and in all darkness of spirit burns brightly, and if we die, deplores us for ever, and still equally loves, and exists with the very last gasp and throbs of the faithful bosom—whence it passes with the pure soul beyond death, surely it shall be immortal! Though we who remain are separated from it, is it not ours in heaven? If we love still those we lose, can we altogether lose those we love? —Thackeray.

Plagues and Their Remedy.

By Staff-Captain Foote (Australist).

"And He said unto her, Daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole, go in peace and be healed of thy plague."

Plagues in any form are dreadful, and generally deadly, they are therefore to be avoided by every means. They vary in virulence, and also take many forms, afflicting mankind bodily and spiritually.

In our subject we have a plague of the body. Sad enough in all truth, seemingly beyond human power to check, becoming worse and worse as time went on. To grow worse is the nature of a plague, unless, as in the case of the woman mentioned above, some radical remedy be found.

The particular plagues to which I wish to direct your attention are those which so afflict and trouble the people of God, that their beauty become distorted and their soul-life sapped. Men and women, who would otherwise be among the most happy and useful on the face of the earth, because of these scourges are, comparatively speaking, useless. They are miserable in themselves, and altogether unreliable. Let me draw your attention to one or two forms of plague you will easily recognize if they have at any time affected your spiritual life.

Touchphobia.

Whoever comes under the power of this dreadful malady not only suffers constantly and acutely, but his would-be guardians have a trying time in their efforts to help him. In plain English, the trouble is known as touchiness. Some of its victims talk lightly of the disease, and try to make themselves and others comfortable as at their state by attributing all the unpleasant and trying symptoms to so ordinary a trouble as disordered liver. But most soul-physicians are unanimous in their opinion that the trouble does not originate in the liver at all, but is the outcome of an unclean heart. "Touchphobia" is most grievous in its torments. Victims are the subjects of many delusions, which, while appearing meaningless or ridiculous to others, are the meat and drink of their disordered imaginations. They take offence when Captain or minister smiles at a comrade or neighbor and not at them, or he happens to give a poor, discouraged soul a hearty shake of the hand and a few words of cheer, but somehow missed the plague-stricken soldier or member; a bad attack at once sets in. Another victim happened to be in the street one day. The Captain, who was occupied with serious thoughts about a difficult case, did not notice him, and in high offence the afflicted one strutted by, head up. He ought to have seen him. The sufferer at once feels aggrieved, delighted, not wanted. The complaint becomes so bad that he arrives at the conclusion that a change of air is necessary, so he leaves that corps or church to seek another, where his value will be appreciated. There is another form of Touchphobia, in which one never knows what frame of mind the sufferer will be in, or how to approach him. If one's remarks (however well meant) do not suit his mood, figuratively speaking, he will "bite one's head off." Porcupine-like up come quills and spikes all over him. He is always fancying someone has a down on him, or has said something about him.

(To be concluded next week.)

Commissioner Estill, who has recently been visiting International Headquarters, and has accompanied the General for a few days on the Motor Campaign, reports substantial progress in every branch of the Army's work in Holland. A great Autumnal Campaign is being arranged, to be followed by a series of holiness meetings in the large cities, conducted by Colonel Brengle, who will arrive in Holland from America on September 15th.

Capt. Chard, of the Hulett Settlement, situated close to the Kraal of the Chief who has been at the head of the trouble in the Mapumulo District, was recently compelled by an escort of police to go into laager with the other white folk resident in the district. Although passed by several bands of rebels, the escort got through safely, but at the time of writing the Captain had not been able to return to the settlement, nor obtain any information as to the state of things there.



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EDITORIALS

King and Emperor. There is no difference in the flesh and blood that constitute the two distinguished individuals who recently were the cynosure of the eyes of the world than in that of others. But the immense issues that they represent makes them among the most important persons playing their part upon the world's stage at the moment. The somewhat strained relations that have existed between the two most powerful nations on earth is too well known to require mention—though it may be more due to patriotic sentiment and national feeling than as between the rulers themselves. Nevertheless their meeting and the cordial greetings exchanged afford reason for gratitude and thanksgiving that the cause of peace and the brotherhood of nations has been materially strengthened as a result.

British subjects may, and should, sing with increased enthusiasm, "God save our gracious King," in the realization that he has not only the heart that desires peace, but also the splendid ability which has enabled him to make such master strokes of diplomacy as to secure for Britain, and for the world generally, the best and most permanent results towards that millennial condition which declares the conversion of the sword into the ploughshare.

"In the Midst of Life." It looks as if it were a long step from unbounded pleasure to the dark portals of the grave, and the multitude act as if it were so; yet, alas! how quickly is the span measured. The daily papers bulletin the grief exacted by that mill that never ceases to grind out the lives of men.

That one of the great sources which afford Canada's sons and daughters almost unlimited pleasure should be—during the summer season at least—a potent factor in supplying this demand is a gruesome suggestion indeed, and a seeming incongruity. Yet the daily record of drownings seem to constitute our lakes, rivers, and bays into a marine graveyard that bids fair to rival the greatest of our cemeteries. But there are many voices that reecho to us in daily incidents, and with no uncertain sound the Master's solemn injunction—"Be ye also ready for in such an hour as ye think not."

Winnipeg Fatality. The heart-rending episode by which City Clerk Brown lost his family—Ethel, 19, Myrtle, 13; Ernest 15 years—is peculiarly sad. Mr. Thompson, undertaker, whose daughter was also lost, is a warm friend of the Army and a subscriber to our work. Another young lady made the fifth victim of the sad affair, caused by the gasoline launch striking a sunken pile and overturning. Our sympathies are extended to the bereaved, with the hope that they have found consolation in the blessing of the Great Comforter.

Heroes. The sad accidents referred to bring out much that is admirable in human nature, for few of these calamities occur, but that some instance of splendid bravery is manifested. A man risking his life to save another is surely one of the highest marks of true heroism. It is not buoyed up by the enthusiasm and possible escape of the battlefield, but is a deliberate challenge to the ghastly, grinning King of Terrors to carry out his purpose. In the Winnipeg case a young man of the party was resuscitated with difficulty after supporting one of the young ladies until unconsciousness released his hold. The lesson to every Christian—every Salvationist in particular—is obvious. If the body be so precious, and demanding such sacrifice for its life, of how much greater value is the soul? Does our effort and sacrifice for the salvation of souls correspond to the heroism displayed for saving the bodies of men?

Commissioners Railton and Coombs AT THE TEMPLE.

High Temperature Inside and Out—Gold Medallist Singers—Final Meetings Before Proceeding to Japan.

By Brigadier Southall.

The various meetings conducted by Commissioner Railton at different places have left their impress upon the minds and hearts of many, and the cause of the world's Redeemer will benefit by a more efficient and earnest service on the part of many of His followers as a result.

Still, in no case will such results have been more pronounced than at the centre itself—which is perhaps proper. The thermometer began to soar early in the day, and by the time the opening song in the holiness meeting was in progress we felt we had almost reached the point of human endurance. Surely it would be an expression of deep interest in spiritual things that would bring people indoors, and yet fine crowds were present—and in evident expectation of some return for the effort made.

Commissioner Coombs, whose ability in piloting a meeting is proverbial, carried the service through the preliminary stages, so that Commissioner Railton leaped as it were on the crest of the wave of feeling and interest that had gathered to a climax. The great forces of nature offered a splendid ground for successive and telling arguments, as to the possibilities in a life entirely surrendered to Jesus Christ, and empowered by a compressed passion for souls, manifesting itself through earnest and desperate activity day by day.

That the thought was not merely caught, but that the mighty truth contained in it had found its mark in many hearts is best testified to by the fact that six persons responded to the appeal to make that surrender by which this power might be theirs.

Afternoon.

The Commissioners and the Headquarters Staff were present at the open-air service, as in the morning. With the thermometer still off on a merry jaunt, until some thought it "out of sight," one was inclined to question the possibilities for a very successful afternoon meeting. (May mercy be extended to the unbelieving—whether of the Editorial den or any other). Most of us are splendid believers when we can see the accomplished thing before us, so with the crowd this Sunday afternoon.

From a standpoint of variety, talent, straight dealing, and spirit, this service would be hard to beat. Commissioner Coombs had everybody forgetful of heat, or fans, and every person found themselves carried off in song and praise, and on better terms with themselves than they had been all day.

After Mrs. Brigadier Southall had invoked God's blessing, the Commissioner threw the gates open for the audience to rush in and seize a blessing in testifying. Testimonies as refreshing as rain drops would have been in the condition came from various parts of the hall. Just a sample of a few. A brother who had been a backslider in England, determined on coming to Canada in May last that he would not go near the Army again. A few days after reaching

And Their Reward. Apropos to the thought of the sacrifice necessary to real heroism is another item contained in the same paper—the bestowing of a silver medal upon one who has saved a life. So comrades—officers, soldiers—the reward will be certain in the Great Day of the distribution of rewards. Have you a soul to your credit yet? If so, add to it until you have the "many."

Quick March! At the word of command, and without questioning, the three Provincial Officers affected by the recent changes will have "pulled up stakes" and struck tents, to speak—after several years' stay in their old—to take up similar work in their new commands. The discipline, precision and despatch demonstrated in this spirit is not the least of those special qualities that makes the Army a live, aggressive power for God and man. The War Cry's best wishes for a victorious and glorious term is extended to our comrades in their new and important spheres.

Toronto he saw a drunken man go out in the open-air ring, at the corner of Albert and Yonge Streets and seek the mercy of God. This changed our brother's plan, and he soon got right again, and took his place as a soldier. Another said he was saved at the Cadets' open-air service one Saturday night. A third said he was saved in Montreal seventeen years ago, and that he felt he could say of an Army meeting, "There's no place like home." Mr. and Mrs. Constable's song.

"He knows,

And tempers every wind that blows,"

was made a blessing to the audience, which eagerly drank every word.

The selection by the splendid Temple Band was also as a refreshing draught from a cooling stream on a hot day.

Mrs. Colonel Jacobs in her usual interesting way spoke of her trust in God for their future spheres in the Old Land, though it might seem strange after being seventeen years in Canada.

Commissioner Railton neither seeks for effect or demonstrator, but in every sense a utilitarian, he strikes a practical note in his first utterance, and each one that succeeds it is stamped with the hall mark of earnestness and to a purpose. The pleasures of religion seemed at first almost a wide mark as a theme for a man whom one is inclined to view as of the ascetic turn, and who, so far as we can judge by historic data and his writings, we might judge to have been cast in much the same mould as the glorious, heroic, and mighty Paul. But when we climbed to the Commissioner's vantage ground, and caught his view point, we saw that indeed the real joy of religion comes out of the sacrifice it entails. Stroke after stroke in an unconventional yet forceful style, and a manner peculiar to himself, the truth was given, and the plan of heroic, and therefore successful service for Jesus Christ was made clear. Three responded to the appeal to follow Him after this fashion.

Night.

The night meeting opened with a fine crowd present, and the sound of footsteps behind applied us that the gallery was opened, and in a short time the seating accommodation of the large auditorium and gallery was well taken up.

After the usual preliminaries, Colonel Pugmire and Capt. Marshall sang.

"The gate is ajar, oh, sinner, step in."

Mrs. Staff-Capt. Fraser in a few well-chosen words forcibly pointed out the importance of entering that gate while it yet remained open.

A splendid duet, "I shall know Him," to a new tune, by Mr. and Mrs. Constable, took hold of the audience, which was moved by the beautiful sentiment of the song.

Commissioner Coombs, with a few terse, pointed remarks on the case of the leper, fastened the attention of the audience upon the horrors of sin, but not without showing the glorious remedy within the sinner's reach.

The selection by the Temple Band, "Memories of Childhood," was sublime in its theme and in its execution. Bandmaster McGlash's cornet solo, "When Mothers of Salem," and then the full band coming in on "There is a Green Hill Far Away," was grand in its effect and power.

We could scarcely make ourselves believe that we were hearing Colonel Jacobs for the last time in Canada—at least for some time to come. Yet so it was, and the thought made us feel a little sombre, though with his usual practical turn he only briefly referred to his farewell, and went straight for the souls of his hearers.

Commissioner Railton riveted the attention of his hearers from his first remark. No speech was required, he said, to make the sinner realize his position, nor was there any need of the sinner making a long speech to God to secure His mercy. All that was required was the action—the effort—of a moment. The illustration of the wrecks at the

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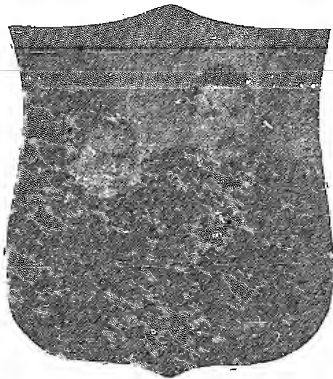
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Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Sharp.

Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Sharp have done long and successful service "down by the sea" Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland. We congratulate the new "Western" Province on having these able leaders to direct the war in Western Ontario, and predict some stirring events being recorded at no distant date.

gateways was terrible. Referring to the Government charts, that showed the presence of marine wrecks, the Commissioner pointed out that the blackest place was at the gateway of the country, so awful thought—the greatest wreckage of precious souls was right around the gates of mercy, where people linger hesitating to enter. The audience was electrified by the terrific force of the truth, and many, we believe, realized it was time to step in ere the gate was closed. Seven souls visibly took the step, but many other will have been induced to do so, we are sure.

Commissioner Railton's "Extras."

by the Chief Secretary.

In a letter to Commissioner Coombs, prior to his arrival in Canada, Commissioner Railton said:

"Do not fear to pack days to any extent, or nights either. I should be so delighted if by keeping awake I can greet and cheer the solitaires in the smallest places I fly past, in addition to meetings at any and all possible hours."

So it was necessary in Toronto, in addition to the ordinary, to provide some extras. The "ordinary" included every open-air meeting, for Commissioner Railton did not miss any one in any town he has visited, praying and speaking on the street three times on each Sunday and once every week-eight. The ordinary also included some visits to jails, penitentiaries, and an inspection of a Niagara Power House—a unique and astonishing sight. And this is to be able to inform the Japanese and illustrate the wonder-working God of the Army.

Extra 1.

At 7 a.m. on Saturday morning, the Commissioner, accompanied by the Chief Secretary, Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire and Capt. Mardall, spoke to a crowd of men at Gree's Foundry, at the corner of Front and Church Sts. The worthy proprietor of this establishment has furnished an up-to-date meeting-room, where a half-hour prayer meeting is held every Saturday morning, in the employer's time—attendance not compulsory. The men came, however, and listened—hard-headed, clear-headed souls of toil—who gave the Commissioner as good a hearing as he could wish. It is unnecessary to say that the theme was salvation, complete and instantaneous, being illustrated by incidents from the flowery land. It was a great privilege to be present.

Extra 2.

At 7 p.m., the close of the same day, Commissioner Railton spoke to 350 men in the Central Prison, Toronto, Commissioner Coombs, Colonel Kyle, the Prison Visiting Staff, and the Temple Band being present. The music, songs, and testimonies, which preceded the addresses were much enjoyed by the

men. Commissioner Railton's talk was illustrated by his reflection during a visit paid to the jail thirteen years before and "again yesterday." It captured the men. Commissioner Coombs led the meeting, spoke and guided the proceedings. Thirty-two men stood and promised henceforth to serve the living God.

Extra 3.

Messrs. Christie & Brown, the biscuit makers, had requested the visiting Commissioner to conduct a noon knee-drill at the factory, for they, too, have extemporized a meeting-room where "prayer is wont to be made." At noon, on Monday, the men assembled and gave the Army's Japanese Ambassador a hearty welcome. To describe the proceedings would take too much of the precious space, but it is only necessary to say that the Commissioner himself thought it "delightful," and he is capable of judging—an acute critic. What a pity that every factory in Toronto does not provide similar facilities for the employees to meet with and talk to God at midday.

Extra 4.

The next extra, and the most important, which might but for its exceptional character have been considered an ordinary, consisted of a meeting with the Staff and F. O's of Toronto. It was held in the lecture hall of the Training College. Commissioner Coombs, the Chief Secretary, and all the Staff were present. It proved to be two hours of thorough enjoyment. Commissioner Railton claimed that he was speaking to some of the "statesmen of the Kingdom of God," and dealt with many questions of national importance. His lucid exposition of the Army's past, present, and future, his explanation of the regulations of the Army, and what may be termed his demand upon everyone to strive to carry into effect the Army's purest ideals proved an instant blessing to every officer. It exalted the objects and aims of the Army beyond anything yet contemplated. The Commissioner is an idealist as well as being intensely practical.

At the conclusion of the address the officers, through the kindness of Brigadier Taylor and his Staff, were regaled with tea on the lawn of the Training College. It was a very sultry afternoon, and the open-air repast most delightful. Commissioner Coombs, with characteristic ingenuity took advantage of the opportunity to conduct a testimony meeting. Old and new officers spoke. Mrs. Commissioner Coombs and Mrs. Kyle on the one hand, and the brand new girl officers of the last Training College "batch" on the other. Canadians of the calibre of Brigadiers Turner, Southall, Horn, also Colonel Jacobs and the General Secretary. Commissioner Coombs sent Canadian love to Japanese comrades. A march followed, all the Staff—four deep—singing—

"Jesus, the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky."

headed by the Commissioners, the Chief Secretary, and the new P. O. of the Maritime Provinces, marched to the corner of Adelaide and Yonge Sts. for an open-air meeting; both Commissioners, a Colonel, and many others testified of Jesus' saving power. It was a happy, holy, and enjoyable time.

Extra 5.

Thursday night—where shall we go? Newmarket had been cut out at the last moment, something else must be substituted. It was Riverdale, and the Adjutant was thunderstruck when the Commissioner and Chief Secretary appeared. Result: A good meeting and four souls. The Commissioner was very glad.

Extra 6.

Lippincott knee-drill on Sunday morning. The Commissioner was unexpected, but welcome nevertheless. The Chief Secretary accompanied and assisted. Adj. Williams started right on the tick of seven, and the voices of the few could be heard a "hock" away. It was a good beginning of a glorious day.

HAVE I? HAVE YOU?

The restless millions wait
The light whose dawning
Maketh all things new.
Christ also waits,
But men are slow and late.
Have we done what we could?
Have I? Have you?

—Anon.

NEWSLETS.

Changes!

But not decay—

Nay, but rather an evidence of vigor, life, and activity.

Major Creighton appeared on the scene Sunday after two months' absence in the West.

We also caught a glimpse of Adj. Wiggins' genial countenance in the distance.

We ran up against Staff-Capt. Fraser in one of the H. Q. corridors, and learned that he visits the Don Jail two or three times a week, gives about a hundred War Crys to the prisoners, besides interviews, etc.

"About the Police Court work, Staff-Captain?"
"Three cases were handed over to us this morning—a girl, a boy, and an old man."

"Pretty good for one day, star."

Brigadiers Hargrave and Turner have been in the city seeing the Commissioner on important business matters in connection with their farewells.

Capt. Nellie and Daisy Coombs enjoyed their trip to the east immensely, and look better for having inhaled salt water breezes for a few days.

Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin informs us that over 350 officers have signified their intention of taking one or more of the different subjects connected with the Advanced Education Class recently inaugurated by the Commissioner.

Look out for next week's Cry. Stirring articles from Commissioner Railton and Brigadier Taylor.

One of the neatest and most thoughtful things we have seen for some time was the lunch and supper provided by the generosity of Adj. McEheney on Sunday for members of Headquarters Staff. Someone voted him a front seat in heaven. We hope they are responsible parties.

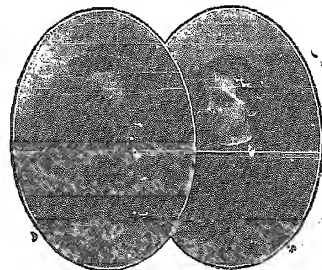
Bandmasters, have you seen the Band Book No. 2? The best thing yet for small bands, or for big bands when only a limited number are present. Very nice selections, suitable for bands of different capacity.

The Lisgar St. corps are doing an excursion to Niagara Falls. Capt. McPetrick is making things hum, we learn, in the West End of the city.

We were glad to see Mrs. Colonel Pugmire on Sunday, but regret to have to state that Mrs. Colonel Gaskin has been very indisposed of late.

Major and Adj. Morris have returned from their canoeing trip in the Temagami. They have some hair-raising stories to tell about bears and other things.

Several of the Headquarters Staff went down to the Niagara River Line wharf to give Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs and the family a final send-off. They go via New York.



Brigadier and Mrs. Turner.

Brigadier and Mrs. Turner receive distinction in their appointment to the Maritime Provinces. The herculean efforts they have made in East Ontario and Quebec, have resulted in some notable advances, not the least of which is the splendid new Citadel and Provincial Headquarters.

The General's Third Motor Campaign

Triumphant Ride Through Highlands and Lowlands—Remarkable Incidents by the Way.

By Our Special Correspondent.

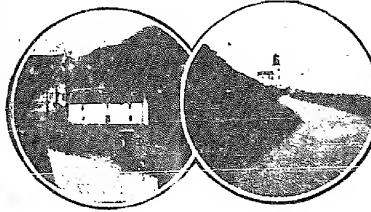
The first week is over, and we linger in braw, bonnie Scotland.

I left off the story of the white car's progress through the highlands as it was being steered to that rising little seaside resort, Nairn. Here the Provost, Bailies, and other great folk turned out in fine form, sang the praises of the General and the Army, and sent him off with a ringing shout to Forres, famous for its hydro, Nelson's tower, and as being the birthplace of that stalwart Scot and friend of the Army, Lord Strathcona. The humble cottage in which he was born is immortalized in the popular post card.

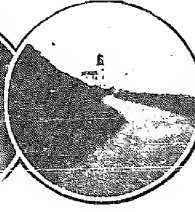
Caught in a Thunderstorm.

So far, the weather has been inviolable, and on the whole unfavorable to motoring. One journey you are covered with dust, and the next you might as well be dipped in a horse-pond. We have had several experiences of the latter. On the second day—which included magnificent meetings in Keith, Huntly, and Inverurie—we were caught in a blinding rain and thunderstorm. Motoring, however, is like a sea-voyage—once out on the highway there is no turning back. You cannot run into a ditch, or behind a hedge. You have simply to go on, and as the General insists—and wisely for the sake of the people who, despite rainstorm or thunderstorm, come miles to gain a glimpse of him—that the hoods and guards of the cars shall not be used.

SCENES OBSERVED FROM THE GENERAL'S CAR.



Lord Strathcona's Birthplace.



Lighthouse near Thurso on Pentland Firth.



A Boulder at Dornoch.



Flora Macdonald Monument.

there is no alternative but to face the needle-like splash of the rain, listen to the thunder, wink at the lightning flashes, and put your trust in God and the chauffeur.

A distinct and pleasing feature of the week in Scotland has been the generous hospitality of the Army's friends. In some places the top people of towns actually competed for officers to stay with them. Provosts, magistrates, clergymen, doctors, and bankers did not care who they got so long as they had someone in uniform, while many were anxious to have two, or four, or six officers.

"Send for Her!"

At Huntly ex-Provost Arnot, for instance, rushed across the square where he saw only three officers coming towards his mansion. It was raining fiercely.

"Is this all?"

"I should think it is enough," said Brigadier Holmes.

"Then who is that lady in the uniform?" cried our friend, pointing to a sister of the place who had been deputed to guide us to our billet.

We explained accordingly; but this did not satisfy the ex-Provost.

"It disna signify at all. Send for her, send for her! I want my house to be full of Salvationists this day," and the good man actually insisted upon a woman-officer being sent for her, and one of his employees, who is a Salvationist, being dragged into the great dining-hall, where the feast was on the same liberal scale.

"I have never met with such hospitality," said Commissioner Ramsdell. Nor have I. God has indeed given us a holy place in the confidence of the people, and we need wisdom and courage to sustain it.

The meetings in Stonehaven and Laurencekirk were surprises to many. In neither place have we a corps, yet the people came in hundreds, at an hour when most inconvenient to them. At Montrose there was a big gathering in the Public Hall, while in Kirriemuir people wondered where the crowd came from.

A Wayside.

On the ride to Blairgowrie the General stopped at the small and apparently prosperous little town of Alyth. The populace practically assembled in the square, and hugged round the platform on which stood the Provost and Council, with the Town Clerk, scroll in hand, ready to deliver the usual address of welcome.

A distinctly working-class town, the magnetic-like fact unbosomed the General's lips, and though the rain was pelting, he poured forth burning words of warning and counsel. It was a proud moment for a Mrs. Lonsom, a soldier who migrated to Alyth some five years ago. The nearest corps to it is Perth, fifteen miles to the southeast. During this period Mrs. Lonsom has kept the flag flying still, by dint of her influence and enlightenment, she collected £35 for Self-Denial last spring.

When she was introduced to the General, and received his blessing, the hundreds standing round the white car took note of it with delight, and Mrs. Lonsom walked off the heroine of the day. There

Highland Tempest.

Our first acquaintance of a Highland temple (with a dramatic sequel) happened in Glen Ogle, one of the most awe-creating wonders of the world.

We dipped into it a little after six in the evening. As far as the blinding rain would permit us to see it it was wild, majestic, and terrible. The road lies along a fearsome gorge, with huge, crooked, grinning mountains on each side. Wind-driven clouds of mist capered around and in between the peaks of the hills. The wind whizzed and howled, playing upon the mighty boulders in the glen as on a leviathan instrument. The sound chilled me to the bone. The rain, in torrents, struck us in the face like needles; but the Derrocs, like earthy porpoises, flashed down the gorge, or, to change the figure, like uncanny immortals from another world.

The English members of the party were lost in silence, and the Scottish carried away by their eloquence! Colonel Lawley heard "the mountains preach, and the cataracts sing. 'Glorious to God in the highest!'" No one can be an infidel and behold and listen to this!

Highland Sermon.

But on we went, and it was in such a condition that we were held up by a person, a company of tourists, and the villagers at a place called Strathayre. To our dismay, as well as admiration, the General gently surrendered to their demands for a few words; and with his white car on the highway between these hills, the General stood up and gave them an old-fashioned Highland sermon, with improvements in plainness of speech. Here is a sample of what he said:

"We have just come through a rather considerable Scotch mist. I trust I shall not be incapacitated, but here I am for you to look at, though not very presentable. The world talks about me, and I hope for some good purpose. I often say I stand for good things. I stand for humanity—the religion of the Salvation Army. I was musing as I came along that the religion of the Army was a three-sided affair. In the first place it presents your duty to God. Get right with Him, and show the world around you that you are His friend.

"The second side deals with doing your duty to yourself. The third side of our religious faith is your duty to your neighbor. Do not pass him by because he is down, or vile, or denounced; that constitutes a sound reason why you should take him by the hand and help to put him right."

A Contrast.

When we reached the hilarious steelworkers of Motherwell on Saturday, and looked up at the big, black columns of chimneys, and the heavens being filtered with smoke, and then at the yellow-colored, pinched faces of the crowd, we realized that we had bid good-bye to Nature and entered the region of manufacture.

But whether among the farmers of Perthshire, the "Lilies of Aberfeldy," or the tourists by loch and mountain side, there is one exhilarating monotony—the people with outstretched hands, their faces wreathed in smiles, and all gazing and feasting upon the one figure in the back seat of the white car—our beloved General.

The events at Motherwell consisted of a civic reception in the Council Chamber, at which Provost Purdie gave one of the finest addresses I have ever listened to. He made a strong point of what is often overlooked, the possibilities of the Army. Then an address was read over by the Town Clerk and handed to the General.

Among the outstanding features of the General's campaign at Motherwell on Sunday were the large hordes of steel workers who seized every square inch of space, pressed round the entrances, and hung about the doors in the hope of seeing the distinguished occupant of the white car.

The curious were amazed at the penitents who, from all parts of the theatre, trooped to the stage. Among these was a man who acknowledged that he had been robbing his employer, and who resolved, be the cost what it may, to make a clean breast of his wrong-doing.

In all 115 seekers came to the mercy seat.

Make yourself completely master of what you have learned, and be always learning, and you will become the instructor of men.

A Light

SALVATION

The love of a soldier and officer strange devices. Probably, no one more capable for the glory of the Army.

The blind, the found a sphere platforms, and been "rescued, account.

The lightning is generally a wretched in between. His performance is frequently a

A soulless, intended to help on the occupation.

Salvation Army very different into the Kingdom, the difference in the service of

In the hand has gone through

This lightning completed by



*Salvator

Sketched by Envoy, who only eighteen onds to complete the drawing. He sketches the face of the soldier, the man of the world, the character of paper."

knows exactly of difficulty in sketching has value. The chalk, the man even before his passage shows the reason or "the blessing

Envoy Mal an artist—a eyes, and "dumb, he pre the Lord, and in his crown, afflicted with can be accounted being is given to those who he lacks, are the Master.

It is striking meeting through trembling be "the blessed sessor at the By the ar

Lightning-Sketch Artist.

SALVATION PLATFORM INCENUITY.

The love of souls has made many a Salvation soldier and officer adopt, with the greatest success, strange devices for reaching and holding a crowd. Probably no organization has ever been more diverse in its operations than the Salvation Army, or more capable of using all descriptions of gifts for the glory of God and the salvation of men.

The blind, the lame, the deaf and dumb have all found a sphere of usefulness on Salvation Army platforms, and the very devices of the devil have been "rescued," sanctified, and turned to good account.

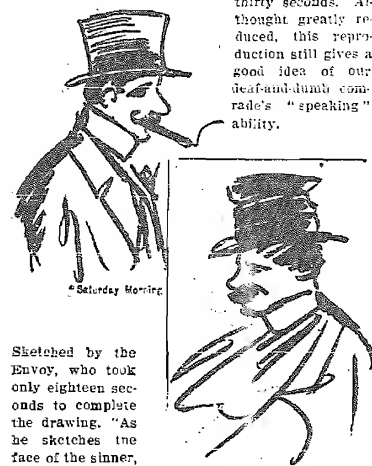
The lightning-sketch artist of the music hall stage is generally a personage whose "turn" is sandwiched in between the acrobats and the comic singer. His performance may be clever, although there is frequently a good deal of "fake" about it.

A soulless, mechanical performance, it is merely intended to help a thoughtless audience in carrying on the occupation known as "killing time."

Salvation Army lightning-sketch work is of a very different character; it has helped hundreds into the Kingdom, and enabled many more to grasp the difference between lukewarm and "red-hot" in the service of God.

In the hands of a sanctified soldier—one who has gone through the furnace of affliction, who

This lightning sketch, drawn life-size on paper, was completed by Envoy Weber in the brief space of thirty seconds. Although greatly reduced, this reproduction still gives a good idea of our deaf-and-dumb comrade's "speaking" ability.



Sketched by the Envoy, who took only eighteen seconds to complete the drawing. "As he sketches the face of the sinner, the drunkard, the man of the world, the chalk seems to fly over the wide expanse of paper."

knows exactly what it is to pass through clouds of difficulty into the sunshine of liberty—lightning-sketching has become a salvation art of the highest value. The eyes follow the rapid strokes with the chalk, the mind comprehends the artist's meaning even before the "interpreter" backs it home with his passage of Scripture, and the penitent form shows the result in seekers kneeling for salvation or "the blessing of a clean heart."

Envoy Malcolm Weber is a preacher as well as an artist—a preacher whose soul shines out of his eyes, and "speaks" in every action. Deaf and dumb, he preaches, teaches, sketches; "fishes" for the Lord, and assuredly there will be many stars in his crown. He is an object-lesson for everyone afflicted with grave natural disabilities, as to what can be accomplished in the person whose whole being is given up to God; and a standing rebuke to those who, with full possession of the faculties he lacks, are "deaf and dumb" in the service of the Master.

It is striking to see our comrade take a holiness meeting through the stages of doubt, fear, and trembling belief, to the full confidence which lets "the blessed sunlight in," and sets the happy possessor at liberty to do and dare anything for God.

By the artist-preacher's side stands the "inter-

preter"—Envoy Whitrod, who succeeded that staunch Army friend, the late Mr. Garston, in his unique position—and at a sign from his deaf and dumb principal he read an illuminating portion of Scripture, adding appropriate comments on lines furnished by the flying fingers as they "talk" in deaf-mute's alphabet. Curiosity is hushed, the listeners catch the flame from the man whose very eyes seem ablaze, and as he turns from his last picture, and with sweeping gesture invites all who long for the higher life to the merry seat, there is a simultaneous rising from different parts of the hall. The deaf-and-dumb man's message from God has struck home.

It is beautiful to see him at the night meeting rapidly tearing from his easel sheet after sheet in his anxiety to draw that which shall reach the sinner's heart through his eyes. He has heard nothing of what has been going on, but his comrade has been "talking" to him over the flying fingers, and he knows that prayer and praise, song and testimony, have prepared the ground for the reception of the good seed.

He sketches the face of the sinner, the drunkard, the man of the world—the chalk seems to fly over the wide expanse of paper. He turns to the congregation and grips their attention, while his comrade reads of the doom of the unrepentant.

In a minute he is at work again, and from out of the "canvas" grows the picture of the illumined soul, rejoicing in salvation. The congregation look on, spell-bound; hard hearts begin to melt; the drunkards get a gleam of hope; the backsliders tremble; and presently there is a move towards the penitent form.

A wonderful work this lightning-sketching for God and the Army, adapted to all sorts of audiences, all times and seasons, by a deaf-and-dumb comrade who literally "laughs at impossibilities and cries, 'It shall be done.'" A wonderful work, but no one knows the cost at which he does it—the reeling fires he has passed through. Yet you may get a glimpse of his strong, sweet nature, and rich store of Bible knowledge as you see him "fishing," with an arm on some dear man's shoulder, pointing to text after text, and with half articulated cries, urging him to seek the God who makes the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak.

The "lightning-sketch artist" is also the "lightning Bible student." That is to say, Envoy Weber knows his Bible so well that on the platform or when "fishing" he is never at a loss. His keen eyes read faces as other men read books, and the result is invariably a text which pierces the armor of indifference or unbelief.

From the platform he watches his audience, and storms positions; amongst the people, in the prayer meeting, he scrutinizes individuals and makes prisoners with the "Sword of the Spirit." He cannot bear the objections raised, but he swiftly, and generally quite accurately, divines what they are by close study of eyes, lips, and expression.—E. D.

Aphorisms of Confucius.

He who knows how to bluish for his weakness in the practice of his duties, is very near acquiring the strength of mind necessary for their accomplishment.

He who has an unalterable faith in truth, and is passionately fond of study, preserves to his death the principles of virtue, which are the consequences of this faith and love.

A prince can never cease to correct himself, in order to bring himself to perfection. Resolution is the greatest element of action. The perfect and true, disengaged from all mixture, is the law of heaven.

At the commencement of my relations with men I listened to their words, and thought that their actions would be in conformity with them. Now, in my dealings with men, I listen indeed to their words, but I look to their actions.

He is the superior man who first puts his words into practice, and then speaks conformably with his actions. The superior man is he who entertains equal feelings of benevolence towards all men of whatever rank, rich or poor, and has no egotism or partiality. The vulgar man is he who has none but sentiments of egotism, without any benevolent disposition towards all men.



Brigadier Hargrave.

Brigadier and Mrs. Hargrave carry with them the best wishes of their comrades to East Ontario, where we are sure they will be richly blessed in their administration as in the past. (We regret not being able to get a suitable photo of Mrs. Hargrave in time for publication.—Ed.)

By Wire from Regina.

Meeting held in Regina Jail Sunday morning, assisted by Mr. McBain, Winnipeg, with forty-two of the prisoners in this institution present. Good spiritual time. Souls blessed. Men encouraged, receiving foundation of hope for the future. Fifteen men out of the seventeen who held up their hands for prayer at last meeting still testify to holding on. Twelve more raised their hands for prayer, as an expression of their desire to live better lives. We have now granted privilege of holding service in the jail on the first Sunday in the month in addition to the fifth Sunday. We are in for victory. God is with us and blessing us.

Two discharged prisoners this week placed work within a few hours of discharge. Enough letters received from discharged prisoners; the Police Court, and also from discharged prisoners. Prospects good for our work, sympathy being daily expressed and re. Public meeting also conducted by myself in town. Good time. Seven dollars cleared for jail Hotel man and people say, "Come back any time." —Police Court Missioner Clark.

The Stage of Life.

Epictetus makes use of an allusion which is very beautiful and wonderfully proper to incline us to be satisfied with the post in which Providence has placed us.

We are here, says he, as in a theatre, where everyone has a part allotted to him. The great duty which lies upon a man is to act his part in perfection. We may indeed say that our part does not suit us, and that we can act another better. But this, says the philosopher, is not our business. All that we are concerned in is to excel in the part which is given to us. If it be an improper one, the fault is not ours, but in Him who has cast our several parts, and is the great Disposer of the drama.

The part that was acted by this philosopher himself was but a very indifferent one; for he lived and died a slave. His motive of contentment in this particular receives a very great enforcement from the above-mentioned consideration, if we remember that our parts in the other world will be new cast, and that mankind will be there ranged in different stations of superiority and pre-eminence, in proportion as they have here excelled one another in virtue, and performed, in their several parts of life the duties which belong to them.—Addison.

"Was Jesus a black man?" asked an African 'lad to the missionary.

"No, but as He lived in Palestine He was probably neither white nor black."

"Then," came the reply, "He belongs to us both." —Rev. R. Wright Hay.

CORPS BULLETINS

CHARLOTTETOWN. Pushing Summer Campaign.

Capt. and Mrs. Foran are proving valiant warriors, pushing the summer campaign with vigor, ability and success. The Captain's cornet work is unique, and attracts crowds to the open-air and indoor meetings. Ensign and Mrs. Squarebriggs return to duty this week. We have enjoyed their fellowship and sturdy help. Ensign Andersen, engaged in home ministry, waiting on her invalid mother, assisted in the hallows meeting to-day. Look out for garrison news of to-morrow soon. Scribble is off to the woods these days.—H.

CORNWALL.

We have just been highly favored with a visit by Commissioner Ralston. We were delighted with his lecture, which not only showed what a warlike soldier spirit he is of, but also the importance of taking a firm stand for God and pushing the claims of Christ on this poor, sinning world. The Commissioner said he saw at the very beginning that he was to be a minister to anybody it must be to those who wanted nothing to do with Christ or His salvation. What was then known as the Christian Mission gave him the opportunity of being such, and he threw in his lot there. His lecture was full of fire and earnestness, and he urged all, especially the young, to give themselves to God for service. Mr. Campbell, representing the Mayor, occupied the chair, and spoke of the good work and wonderful success of the Army, and in behalf of the town gave the Commissioner a hearty welcome. Unfortunately the Commissioner, who was accompanied by Brigadier Turner, had to cut the meeting short in order to catch the ten o'clock train for Kingston.—M. Barry.

FOREST.

On Friday our G. B. M. Special A Good Lecture, gave us the finest lantern lecture we have had for some time. It

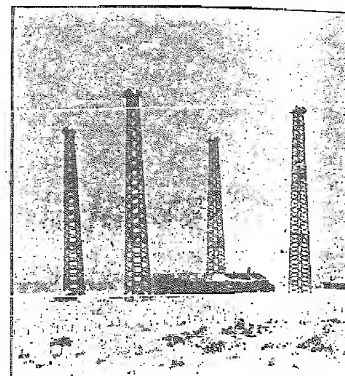
decided to give a musical meeting. By permission of Mayor Judd, the band was allowed on the Band Stand in Victoria Park, and for one hour and a half kept the crowd attentive. Many compliments from outsiders as to the band's ability were made, and the appreciation demonstrated in a practical way by a good collection. Brigadier Hargrave conducted a very special musical meeting in the cathedral at night. Faith ran high for an exceptionally good crowd, nor were we disappointed. On returning from the open-air we found the hall packed. After the opening song, in which all joined heartily, the principal event of the evening took place, viz: the presentation of seven new instruments ("Our Owa Make") to the band. Rather a lengthy program was rendered, consisting of cornet, violin, and piano solos, in which all played their part well. Mrs. Brigadier Hargrave gave a beautiful reading, in spite of the fact that she was laboring under a severe indisposition. Total proceeds amounted to over \$80. Everybody was delighted.—Niprut.

MEDICINE HAT.

Ensign McLean and Captain Pearce have gone on a well-earned rest. Ensign Howcroft and Lieut. Elliott are the commanding officers at present. We have no barracks, but are conducting our meetings in a tent. We have seen a few seeking the Lord. Seven held up their hands for prayer, and one got converted. Last Sunday a sister sought forgiveness from Jesus.—Mayflower.

NELSON.

In our knee-drill, July 29th, one dear man (a backslider) returned to God and got well saved. Several of our late converts are taking their stand with us, and we believe they will make splendid soldiers. We enrolled one soldier in our senior meeting yesterday, and sixteen juniors. Last Thursday, Aug. 2nd, we had a combination J. S. and senior picnic. About forty sen-



Marconi Towers at Glace Bay.

Mrs. Hanagan's daughter. A large crowd gathered at the barracks to witness the ceremony, many of whom had never attended an Army dedication service before. Twelve little girls of the J. S. corps (dressed in white) sang very effectively that grand old song of childhood, "Mothers of Sakers." The Brigadier clearly explained the object of dedication, and gave a beautiful and inspiring address on "A Little Child." J. S. S.M. Cullin, Treas. Evelyn, S.M. Coull, and Bro. Schofield made some interest-

WHEN WAS YOUR CORPS LAST REPORTED?

Not only are some of the smaller corps lacking, but some of the larger are dreadful delinquents. Officers and Corps Correspondents are again urged, not only by the War Cry, but by the voice of duty, to correct the sin of omission and lackadaisical indifference manifest in the failure of any record from some corps for weeks and months at a time. Wake up! WAKE UP!!

We submit the Temple report as the best for giving in a terse way the evidence of something doing:

TEMPLE. God has wonderfully blessed us since Sept. 1st. This week, Monday, August 6th, was Civic Holiday, but Adj. McInnes, a member in the Sunday night meeting, and three others will be held on the following day. The officers are busy in keeping the devil on

the hip, and those who were at the meetings last Monday saw him routed and defeated. The night meeting had only been in progress ten minutes when three souls were at the front crying to Him for mercy. On Thursday night our Norwegian and Irish comrades gave us the benefit of their exper-

iences. Saturday night the Adjutant gave his life story, and those who heard it cannot doubt God's power to save and keep. Sunday was a glorious finish to a glorious week. We started the day with one soul at knee-drill, and seven at altar, making a total of fifteen for the week.—R. B. T.

quite a large number of many of the people here. We are all well, and so many of the people here. We are all well, and so many of the people here. We are all well, and so many of the people here.

GLACE BAY. Eleven new battalions from the Band Notes. Our band have been welcomed among us, and we expect six more will be coming soon. At present we number thirty-three, all of them. Some of the new comrades have brought their wives along. I am also pleased that we are a united band, with the one purpose of proclaiming the glad tidings of salvation. Adj. and Mrs. Taylor are going to farewell after a very successful stay in Glace Bay. Under their command our band has had some substantial advances.—J. Cameron.

HAMILTON III. Commissioner Ralston's visit to One Soul. Hamilton III. was much appreciated. The Methodist Church was kindly invited to the occasion, and a very pleasant time was the result. We cannot estimate the tremendous influence of the Commissioner's words. The work here is progressing nicely. Sgt. Bradley and Sisters Bassett and White, of the Temple, paid us a visit recently. One soul this week.

HUNTSVILLE. Word has come to us to fare-officers farewell, well, after a stay of twelve months. During that time God has richly blessed us and we have seen about sixty souls at the cross, twenty-three of whom are taking their stand as soldiers. The farewell meetings were times of blessing. On Thursday we welcomed Capt. and Mrs. Beattie, and with such a crowd of dear comrades we predict for them a blessed time of victory.

LONDON. On Civic Holiday the A Well-Spent Holiday. C. O.'s determined to make the most of the occasion for the advancement of the Kingdom, therefore

and sixty juniors took part, and a good time was spent by all.—"Revelled."

NEW WESTMINSTER.

All Welcome. We are still marching on, although our numbers are sometimes small on account of so many comrades engaged in fishing. We have had another visit from Brigadier Smeaton, also a welcome to Adj. Collier, who has just taken charge of our Social Work in the West. We have also welcomed to our corps Bandmaster Jack Davidson and his wife, also Bandman Davidson, of Brandon. We have also had a visit from Envoy Johnson and his wife, from Douglas, Alaska. The Envoy is an old soldier of this corps. He was converted here some sixteen years ago. These comrades are engaged in the Indian Work, and they love their mission.—Dixie 2.

NIAGARA FALLS.

Five Enrolled. Since last report we have had an enrolment of five comrades, who have taken their stand as Salvation Army soldiers. Adj. George Smith, of the Training College spent a week with us. We enjoyed his visit very much, he was a great blessing and help to us in many ways. We have meetings in the park on Sunday afternoons, at which there are large attendances and great interest is shown. A number of souls have sought and found the Saviour, and are getting along fine. Much conviction is manifested, and things generally are on the up-grade.—J. Kelly.

NORTH SYDNEY.

Thursday night we had a New Treasurer, wonderful time. S.M. Riley, who formerly hailed from Yarmouth, has settled down in our own thriving little town, and was publicly installed as Treasurer. Our corps is making rapid strides in the right direction.—Mart.

OSHAWA.

We have just been favored by a A Dedication. visit from our P. O. Brigadier Taylor, who conducted a very interesting service in the dedication of Capt. and

ing speeches in relation to children's work. Our officers' statements made all feel that they would do their duty in endeavoring to ensure our Oshawa babe into the beautiful character of soldiers and praying it may develop. The arduousness of our officers' farewell from us was received with much regret. We are praying God's richest blessing may rest upon them.—Recruiting S.M.

ST. JOHN'S I.

Six Souls. At knee-drill the comrades encouraged and strengthened their faith by pleading earnestly with God, who rewarded us with six precious souls. Adj. and Mrs. Cameron are earnestly working and praying that their kingdom will come in the hearts of the people.—Sidd.

ST. THOMAS.

Splendid weekend meetings led by our own Adj. and Mrs. Walker. In the holiness meeting all hearts were touched by the testimony of Mrs. Rumble, who has been passing through a time of great trial. We had a splendid open-air meeting at the Y.M.C.A. after the usual night meeting.—L. Okeron.

SCO, ONT.

Sunday was a day of Many Under Conviction. great blessing. God came very near. Capt. Penfold led the meeting at night, and many were under deep conviction. Last week we welcomed Lieut. Russell to our corps.—Olive Budd.

ST. JOHN'S II.

A very successful picnic was held by this corps at Hutchings Farm, on August 1st. Hailed by the band, they marched out to the grounds banners flying and flags waving. A large open-air meeting was also conducted by the officer in charge, and crowds of pleasure seekers were attracted to the spot.—Onlooker.

TORONTO JUNCTION.

Excellent week. Started with a picnic to Lambton Park, where we combined lots of fun with salvation. After five

hours' enjoyment we came back to the Junction for open-air, where we had a record crowd. We introduced to the people a new drama and tenor song. Sunday morning we had the joy of seeing a poor drunkard come to the cross and get deliverance. We also had to say farewell to our faithful Lieutenant and our Color-Sergeant, who is going to the great Northwest for a time. Lieut. McCaffrey has earned a much-needed rest. We trust she will gain strength both bodily and spiritually, having been on the sick list some days. Capt. Burgess is leading us forward to victory, and many souls are coming to Christ. Four came out Sunday.—H. Ford, Sec.

TRURO. Captain Cavender, our new Trade and G.B.M. G.B.M. Special, has lately visited us with a very interesting service, entitled "Charlie Conson." He was accompanied by Capt. White, the Trade Special. The hall was crowded and everyone was pleased, while some very good business was done in Trade goods.—D. D.

WETASKIWIN. God is honoring our labors. Three souls. Three gave their hearts to God on Sunday night. A band has been organized with Capt. Hakik as leader. Meetings are being held in the Scandinavian language, and much good is being done.—Henry.

YORKVILLE. Capt. Meader and Lieut. Thompson dealt out the truth of God's Word in all its simplicity, but in earnestness and with much power, so much so that many were brought to see their need of a Saviour, and as a result three young men sought and received salvation. Before the week was out three more came and did likewise. Last Saturday and Sunday we had with us Ensign Poole, the G.B.M. Special. On Saturday night the Ensign gave his stereoscopic service, entitled "The Boy Martyr," which was well rendered and much appreciated. In spite of the intense heat of Sunday, the meetings were full of interest and blessing. The attendance and finances were up to the mark. The Ensign's messages from God's Word were sharp and to the point.—J. E. J. Secretary.

Regina Prison Mission.

Splendid meeting held in Regina Provincial Jail, assisted by Bro. Randsman Ackerman. God's presence was with us, seventeen prisoners raising their hands for prayer and as an intimation they were, by God's help and grace given them, desirous of living a changed life. Twenty-one dollars received during July from local sympathizers to help us in our work of the Provincial Police Court and Prison Gate Missions.—Walter C. Clark, Regina.

Eastern Events.

By Ranger.

The news that Colonel and Mrs. Sharp have been ordered to farewell will be heard with general regret throughout the province. During the five years they have been in the east the Colonel and his better half have won a large place in the affections of the officers, soldiers, and friends of the Army, and while we recognize the fact that the necessities of the war demand that these farewells shall take place, we regret their coming departure. Adj. Carter, of Glace Bay, is to succeed Adj. Wiggins in charge of Halifax 1. corps. The Adjutant is no stranger to Halifax, having been stationed here some years ago with Staff-Capt. Combs.

Tumor salts that the Annual Councils for the Eastern Province will be held this fall at Halifax instead of St. John, as heretofore. Adj. Fox, of Cleveland, U.S.A., led the meetings at Halifax last Sunday. The Adjutant, who is on his way to visit his old home in Newfoundland, has, during his residence in the States, become quite American in his ways.

Capt. Hargrove will have the sympathy of his many friends in the loss of his dear mother, who died this week at St. John. The Captain is at present at home attending her funeral.

Capt. Woodhouse, of Freeport, writes to me saying that he has been repairing, painting, and shining his barracks. The spiritual side of the work, he says, is progressing favorably.

Capt. Donovan and Lieut. Pelly have taken charge of Lunenburg in succession to Capt. Fraser, who recently farewelled.

Capt. Smith and Lieut. Burry United Under the Flag at Port Hope.

This interesting ceremony took place on August 6th, at Port Hope. Capt. Smith and Lieut. Burry being the interested parties. The service was conducted by Brigadier Turner, and was one of interest throughout. One of the features of this service was the taking up of a voluntary collection by one of the boys, among his chums, at the back of the hall. This was for the benefit of the Captain while he was on a few days' furlough. The spirit of this gave evidence of the esteem in which the Captain is held by the boys of that town. Captain and Mrs. Smith will be returning to the Port Hope corps at the expiration of their furlough. Their many comrades and friends wish increased happiness and usefulness in the service of God.

Commissioner Railton in West Ontario.

The visit of Commissioner Railton to West Ontario is a thing of the past, but the inspiration and blessing received through his coming will live on.

Accompanied by Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin, the Commissioner arrived in London on Monday. He was far from being physically fit for a heavy campaign, but with his characteristic energy he rose above all weakness and came through with flying colors.

An officers' meeting in the afternoon was conducted on solid lines. The advice given to those present could not but act as a stimulus, and we shall not be surprised if, as a result of this gathering, something happens in the corps where these particular officers are stationed. The

Out-and-Out Salvationism

of the Commissioner, his ever ready example, his straight, red-hot burning truths uttered in simplicity and power, were typical of the man who has always been ready to do anything for God under every circumstance.

The night meetings, outside and in, were excellent. The open-air attack was taken part in by the Commissioner, and indoors there was no lack of fire and enthusiasm. The citadel was comfortably filled, and the opportunity was well taken hold of and the claims of God pressed home. Two surrenders, one of them for salvation.

A visit to the Rescue Home on Tuesday gave the Commissioner an insight into the work that is being done there.

Berlin comes next. We used to have a corps here, but were compelled to withdraw. It is, however, being

Arranged to Re-Open

in the near future, when we expect there will soon be raised up a blood-and-fire corps who will be a credit to the town. The arrangements were made, and full of faith the Commissioner determined to have a "go" at the crowd. Announcements were made that Commissioner Railton had pioneered the work in Germany, and this fact doubtless made matters more interesting. With the Gak and Hespeler comrades on hand, also a number of officers, the open-air meeting went with a swing. A big crowd gathered round, and the Commissioner praying and speaking in German and English, had a splendid hearing. A big crowd came to the barracks, where again the Commissioner gave a splendid talk in both languages. The crowd was appreciative and sympathetic, and judging by the pleasure shown when it was announced we were going to re-open at an early date, the Commissioner had caught on. He did not spare them, but spoke in a pointed and direct manner to their hearts. No results were seen, but who can measure what was accomplished? God worked mightily on the hearts of the people. Berlin will come to the front yet. Grantford on Wednesday. A noonday meeting at

Verity's Plow Works, where a good number attended, was the preliminary to a rousing meeting in our own hall at night. As in every other meeting, the Commissioner was right there. In the open-air he

Gripped the Crowd

and gave a splendid object-lesson on out-door fighting. The inside crowd was excellent, the greater part, however, being saved. On this account the Commissioner dispensed with the usual testimonies, and gave a stirring address in which he brought home very clearly what God desired His people to be. A good prayer meeting resulted in six souls seeking full salvation. The Commissioner left for Toronto at 7 a.m. on Thursday morning.

Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin took an active part in the meetings, and assisted the Commissioner very ably. We only wish the tour could have been extended, as several corps would have been delighted to hear one who has been so long in the fight, and who has maintained the true spirit of the war under every possible circumstance. Perhaps the opportunity may come sometime in the future.

Opening of Grand Forks, B.C.

We have just completed the opening ceremonies of the S. A. work in Grand Forks, B.C. The people here have received us very kindly, and came well to our assistance in every way, and prospects are good for a bright future. We have secured a very nice hall, in which there used to be a Western Variety Show run, in connection with a saloon. We have got the bar moved out and a penitent form moved in, and have had one penitent forward. This place is said to have once been the worst in the town. We trust that God may cause it to be worthy of being called, from this time forth, the best. Taking into consideration the extremely warm weather, and various attractions, the attendance has been most gratifying, and when we state that in a place of two thousand population, that for the opening week the income amounted to sufficient to cover expenses, we conclude that the Grand Forks people have the true western spirit of generosity towards that they believe in.

Capt. Moore, Lieut. Chatterton and Cosman remain on in charge of the work here, and your humble servant proceeds on his way to conduct the opening ceremonies of S. A. warfare in Vernon, B.C. Watch the Pacific. God is adding His blessing, and "Forward," is our motto.—C. H. Qualia, Capt.

Reason and Faith.

Reason is our arbiter and guide, by the institution and law of Nature, in civil and natural affairs; it is the beam and standard at which we weigh them; it is the homeborn judge and king of the soul. Faith comes in as a stranger to Nature, and so it is dealt with, even as an intruder into reason's province, which refuses to be an underling to faith. Out of this arrogance of carnal reason, as from Pandora's box, swarms of errors are flown abroad into the world.—Flavel.

HARVEST FESTIVAL IN ANCIENT TIMES.

One of the Feasts Proclaimed by Trumpets of the Priests.

"Speak unto the Children of Israel, and say unto them, When ye be come into the land which I give unto you, and shall reap the harvest thereof, then ye shall bring a sheaf of the firstfruits of your harvest unto the priest:

"And he shall wave the sheaf before the Lord, to be accepted for you: on the morrow after the Sabbath the priest shall wave it.

"And ye shall eat neither bread, nor parched corn, nor green ears, until the selfsame day that ye shall have brought an offering unto your God: it shall be a statute for ever throughout your generations in all your dwellings.

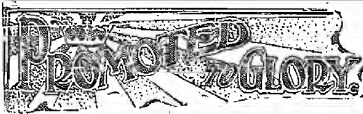
"And when ye reap the harvest of your land, thou shalt not make clean riddance of the corners of thy field when thou reapest, neither shalt thou gather any gleanings of thy harvest: thou shalt leave them unto the poor, and to the stranger: I am the Lord your God.

"These are the feasts of the Lord, which ye shall proclaim to be holy convocations, to offer an offering made by fire unto the Lord, a burnt offering, and a meat offering, a sacrifice, and drink offerings, and every thing upon his day:

"Beside the Sabbaths of the Lord, and beside your gifts, and beside all your vows, and beside all your freewill offerings, which ye give unto the Lord."—Leviticus xxiii. 10, 11, 14, 22, 37, 38.

WILL YOU JOIN IN PRAISE TO GOD BY BRINGING YOUR GIFT TO HIS ALTAR IN THE HARVEST FESTIVAL THANKSGIVING?





BROTHER JEFFERY MITCHELL.

Death has claimed one of Edmonton's truest and brightest soldiers in Jeffery Mitchell. At the time he was preparing to enter the Training College and work out the remainder of life's lease in winning souls to that same fount his soul had obtained so thorough a washing and cleansing from sin's environment. Since the moment Jeffery, wearing the uniform of a fireman, publicly gave his heart to God, his every moment has been a regular and

Unwavering Fidelity

to the one Master and cause. Neither weather nor weapons would deter so valiant an armor-bearer from the even and constant course he sailed. Comrades loved him for the beautiful consistency of life that was his through the blood. The public admired him for the noble influence his life exhaled



Jeffery Mitchell.

since leaving the imperfect for the perfect light he so consistently marched towards. Jeffery Mitchell's reputation of sin was as sincere as his Christian life was uninterrupted in the service of the Master.

For such frivolities as comprised his life before that glorious re-better day he had of late cultivated an utter contempt, reversing the shadows from before to behind. He used every opportunity and material at his command in evidence of Christian hospitality and courtesy.

Despising Sneers and Frowns

of ungenerous enemies as they came across his path.

But little evidence was wanting in Brother Mitchell's life to convince any observer that his aim was on the altar, full of consistent belief in his charges, which he performed with smiling alacrity, whatever his duties may have been—whether beating the drum, selling War Cries, educating himself in the mental work around the barracks, which he realized was an important part of a true officer's curriculum. His testimonies for the Master were almost eloquent in heart outpourings, and formed hearty stimulants to many an undecided one yet groping in the darkness of sin.

Good old Father Palmer, who for more than ninety-six years has tramped God's earth, is left us to sing on a little longer and walk a few more times from Strathecona to Edmonton and tell of the love he has in doing it, while Brother Mitchell, little more than twenty, full of life and energy and hope, the Master has called home.

Ensign Greco told the story of this young life to a full and heart-touched congregation with productive effect, the meaning of which went not unrecorded unheeded.—J. T. T. B.

AN AUXILIARY GONE HOME.

Another of the Army's dear friends, admirers, and Auxiliaries has passed into the Homeland. Mrs. Drake, of Hamilton, went home to Jesus July 28th. The deceased lady has for many years been an Auxiliary of the Army, and she was always ready to give not only sympathy but practical help to the work she so much loved. Her daughter, Miss Vipond, writes:

"Dear mother slept for six days and nights—slept away into the arms of the Saviour. We had a beautiful service at the grave, led by the Adjutant and three Captains. It was just what dear mother wished.

"She shines in the sunlight of God, His image stamped on her brow, Through the Valley of Death her feet have trod, But she reigns in Glory now."

We offer deepest sympathy to the bereaved and earnestly urge someone to take her place in the work of the Lord.—Mrs. Blanche Johnston, Aux. Secretary.

BROTHER STROME, OF SASKATOON.

After twelve days of illness, our dear comrade has been called away. He was saved about eleven weeks ago, and had a very bright experience. His last testimony was, "All is well, and I am trusting in Jesus, my Saviour." The funeral took place on August 3rd, at which Brother Jones gave a touching address. Our hearts go out in sympathy and prayer for the bereaved ones.

MRS. DRUSILLA HUTCHINGS, BOTWOODVILLE.

Death has again visited our circle, and taken from our midst Drusilla Hutchings, who for some time has been suffering with that dread disease, consumption. Through all her pain and suffering, she was able to look up to God and say all was well with her soul. When asked if she had any fear to meet death she would say, "No." She was just longing for the chariot to lower and take her spirit home to the better land.

On July 28th the summons came and her spirit took its flight. She had passed away to be with Jesus. We gave her a real Army funeral, and quite a large number attended to pay their last tribute of respect to our dear departed sister. As we gathered around the open grave and sang, "I've heard of a dark, rolling river," many hearts were touched.

Just two days before we had the privilege of laying the remains of her darling babe (just three months old) underneath the ground. We believe to-day that mother and child are safe at rest in the arms of Jesus. She leaves behind a husband and two children to mourn their sad loss.

May the Lord bless the bereaved ones and bring them to Himself, is our prayer day and night.—Cadet J. White.

A Contrast.

At a health resort in the Canadian Rockies there recently died two men, who passed away within a week of each other.

The first was an aged farmer who accompanied his life-long partner, who was taking the cure of the sulphur waters, for which the little town of Banff is noted. He was quite well when he arrived, but in a day or so took ill. An operation was found necessary to relieve the pain, but after lingering for three days he passed away with a smile on his face. A day or two before he died one of the helps said to him:

"You must be suffering a lot, Mr. —."

"Yes," he replied, "I am, but the Lord knows best."

A few days after the old gentleman arrived at the hospital a young man of twenty-three years was admitted, suffering from alcoholic excesses and typhoid fever. It was the old, old story. His parents were highly respected people down east, and were esteemed by all in the neighborhood in which they live. The young man left home, and apparently got into bad company, with the sad result that he had to be admitted to hospital. After a few days' illness he, too, passed away; but in a way far different to the other. He went to meet his God with curses on his lips, though he was not conscious at the time. Those who saw him said he was a fine young fellow, strong and well built, and a perfect gentleman. But the drink curse had ruined him. Do we blame him? Not altogether, for were there not others concerned in this terrible business, and on whose hands is the blood of one whom they helped to send to ruin? May God bless and comfort his bereaved family in their double sorrow—his loss and his shame.—E. Blenkarn, Regina, Sask.

The Search for Knowledge.

It is not the mere cry of moralists, and the flourish of rhetoricians; but it is noble to seek truth, and it is beautiful to find it. It is the ancient feeling of the human heart, that knowledge is better than riches; and it is deeply and sincerely true!

To mark the course of human passions as they have flowed on in the ages that are past; to see why nations have risen, and why they have fallen; to speak of heat and light, and the winds; to know what man has discovered in the heavens above, and in the earth beneath; to hear the chemist unfold the marvelous properties that the Creator has locked up in a speck of earth; to be told that there are worlds so distant from our sun, that the quickness of light traveling from the world's creation,

has never yet reached us; to wander in the creations of poetry, and grow warm again with that eloquence which swayed the democracies of the old world; to go up with great reasoners to the first Cause of all, and to perceive, in the midst of all this dissolution and decay, and cruel separation, that there is one thing unchangeable, indestructible, and everlasting—it is worth while, in the days of our youth, to strive hard for this great discipline; to pass sleepless nights for it, to give up to it laborious days, to spurn for it present pleasures, to endure for it afflictive poverty, as the great spirits of the world have done in all ages and all times.—Sydney Smith.

Mystery and Trust.

Oh, blindness to the future! kindly giv'n,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by heaven,
Pope.

We are in God's hand,
How strange now looks the life He makes us lead:
So free we seem, so fettered fast we are!
I feel He hid this fetter: let it lie! Browning.



HANDY HINTS FOR HEALTH AND HOME.

How to Tell Whether Lamb is Good.—If the kuukie is flexible it is stale. If the neck-vein of a fore-quarter is of an azure color it is fresh; if greenish or yellowish it is tainted. If the eyes are sunken the head is not fresh.

To Preserve Gilt Frames from Flies.—Boil three or four onions in a pint of water, then with a sild-brush wash over your glasses and frames with the mixture and you will not be troubled with the flies on the picture-glasses and frames.

A Sponge in Frequent Use Becomes Very Dirty.—A good way to clean it is to put it in a pan over night to soak in vinegar, the stronger the better. In the morning, rinse it in several lots of clean, cold water, to take the smell of the vinegar out.

An excellent polish for mahogany is made of one part of boiled linseed oil to two parts of alcoholic shellac varnish. The mixture must be well shaken, applied in small quantities with a woolen cloth, and rubbed vigorously. A fine polish will be produced.

To Preserve Eggs.—One of the best means of preserving eggs is the following:—Select good, fresh eggs and pack them endwise in a mixture of equal parts of fine, dry charcoal and salt. Keep in a cool, dry place until required for use. A thin coating of gum, or a trace of oil, will prevent loss of moisture through the shell.

A good method of keeping butter cool is to get a large-sized flower-pot, and have it well scrubbed and made quite clean. Then get a piece of muslin, dip it in cold water, and put over the top and sides of the flower-pot. Put the butter on a large plate with the flower-pot over it, and the butter will always be deliciously cool.

Varnish for Grates.—Fuse two pounds of common asphaltum in an iron pot, and add to it one pint of hot boiled linseed oil. After mixing thoroughly, boil for some time, and when partly cooled, add two quarts of oil of turpentine. This can be applied with an ordinary brush, and should be thinned with turpentine if too thick.

When a cold joint of meat has been eaten almost to the bone, it is frequently possible, with a sharp knife, to cut off many scraps, which, if passed through the mincing-machine, serve admirably for a breakfast dish of meat fritters, or can be utilized in a shepherd's pie, the crust of which can be formed by mashing any cold potatoes left over from dinner.

Fried Cutlets and Potato Chips.—Method: Trim some cutlets off the best end of the neck of mutton, egg and crumb them, and fry in a little butter or dripping. Prepare the potatoes as for boiling, cut them into chips, dry them well, and fry in deep fat. Let them drain thoroughly, sprinkle pepper and salt over, and serve in the centre of the dish of cutlets.

Without religion, genius is only a lamp on the outer gate of a palace. It may serve to cast a gleam of light on those without, while the inhabitant sits in darkness.—H. More.

OUR HONOR.

Our Eastern comrade absence this week, much over the de that they clean for Crys they sold.

Ah! here is Mrs. agala, I see; but behind the 200 h right down to 80 runners in this B and fall back by of effort, no doubt.

The Training Ho week. They are

I see Muleahy Montreal, and L 150. Adj. Crichto I observe they ha Du Feu gone dov would clear the Penn stands the

A little story I War Cry boomer might encourage Kingdom: "Sergt. M. B. out booming on go into one to one room a minn



him about his he knelt down most immediately given and be

From the En It shows what the hands of d

Wa A comrade a from the town War Crys.

On the way One Saturday six men were "Good-aftern "Same to yo "The landl "I won't al Get out of thi "All right, I we'll give t After giving down on the all in the hou As we rose said, "Here's The followi village, a min "Do you re for War Crye "Yes, I do "Well, I'm yu gave mo, ext day I w God. Pleas tek in futu

OUR HUSTLERS HONOR ROLL

Our Eastern comrades are conspicuous by their absence this week. They must be all giving so much over the departure of Lieut.-Colonel Sharp that they clean forgot to report how many War Crys they sold.

Ah! here is Mrs. Ward at the top of the Province again, I see; but why has Adj. Kendall dropped behind the 200 hurdle again? And Mrs. Brabaw right down to 80—a decrease of 50 copies. The runners in this Boomer's Race seem to go ahead and fall back by turns. It requires a great deal of effort, no doubt, to keep ahead all the time.

The Training Home people have a look in this week. They are doing all right.

I see Mulcahy is back at the front again in Montreal, and Lieut. Morris now drops down to 150. Adj. Crichton is on the scene again though. I observe they have halved things up. Why has Du Feu gone down to 60? I quite thought she would clear the 100 hurdle this week, but Lieut. Penn stands the best chance now.

A little story has come to hand relative to a War Cry boomer's experience, which we thought might encourage others in their work for the Kingdom:

"Sergt. Mrs. Bradley, of the Temple corps, was out booming on Saturday night and happened to go into one of the largest hotels in Toronto. In one room a man sat alone, and Mrs. Bradley asked



him about his soul. There and then, in the hotel, he knelt down and asked God to forgive him. Almost immediately the witness of the Spirit was given and he arose a saved man."

From the English War Cry we take the following. It shows what a blessing the War Cry can be in the hands of daring and consecrated boomers:

War Cry Sellers' Adventure.

A comrade and I used to visit a village four miles from the town every Saturday afternoon to sell War Crys.

On the way we called at every house we passed. One Saturday we entered a public-house where six men were seated playing dominoes.

"Good-afternoon, gentlemen!" we said, cheerily. "Same to you, Captain!" they replied.

The landlady, however, was not so genial. "I won't allow you to sell your papers in here. Get out of this!"

"All right, madam," we said; "we won't sell any, we will give them away."

After giving a copy to each of the men, we knelt down on the floor and prayed for the salvation of all in the house.

As we rose to take our leave, one of the men said, "Here's sixpence. Give six War Crys away."

The following Saturday, as we came through the village, a man stepped up to us and said:

"Do you remember a man giving you sixpence for War Crys in a public-house last Saturday?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, I'm the man," he said. "I read the paper you gave me, and it proved a godsend to me. The next day I went to the chapel and gave my heart to God. Please leave a War Cry at my house every week in future."

Go at those hurdles, boomers, and try to clear the next highest one.

West Ontario Province. 42 Boomers.

P. S.-M. MRS. WARD, LONDON	225
Capt. Pattenden, Guelph	190
Adj. Kendall, Brantford	176
Mrs. Teit, Chatham	170
Mrs. Capt. Morrett, Woodstock	170
Capt. Jones, London	125
Mrs. Capt. Sharpe, Essex	105
P. S.-M. Mrs. Dickson, St. Thomas	100
Staff-Capt. DesBrisay, London	196
Mrs. Capt. McLeod, Strathroy	109
Capt. Horwood, Sarnia	100
Sergt. Wimbly, Brantford	100
Treas. Watt, Ridgewood	160
Lieut. Waldron, Palmerston, 40; Mrs. Stratford, Stratford, 51; Capt. Askin, Goderich, 55; Mrs. Ensign LeCocq, Ensign LeCocq, Perrolia, 55; Captain Thompson, Lieut. Dayton, Galt, 80; Mrs. Brabaw, Wallaceburg, 80; Lieut. Whales, Goderich, 80; Mrs. Capt. Clinausmith, Forest, 75; Ensign Hancock, Stacey, 70; Mrs. Deudman, Woodstock, 65; Capt. Duncan, Bothwell, 65; Mrs. Ensign Hancock, Stacey, 65; Capt. Cook, Paris, 65; Mrs. Adj. Bloss, Stratford, 63; Lieut. Wakefield, Cand. Crist, Leamington, 60; Lieut. Herrington, Clinton, 60; Lieut. Dressinger, Dresden, 50; Lieut. Simpson, Searon, 55.	

50 Copies.—Lieut. McKaskie, Seaford; Lieut. Tronstoun, Capt. Garside, Tillsonburg; Mrs. Jones, Capt. Matier, Kingsville; Capt. Kitchen, Wallaceburg; Lieut. Crawford, Listowel; Capt. Crossman, Windsor.

Training Home Province.

39 Boomers.

SERG. MAY WINGATE, TEMPLE	210
Mrs. Adj. Knight, Hamilton I.	200
Mrs. Burrows, Hamilton I.	135
Sergt. Mrs. Moore, Riverdale	110
P. S.-M. Burrows, Hamilton I.	100
Lieut. Carey, Newmarket, 80; Sergt. Mrs. Courie, Temple, 80; C.-C. Ethel Williams, Lippincott, 75; Sister House, St. Catharines, 75; Capt. Layman, Niagara Falls, 70; Treas. Seeds, Riverdale, 70; Sister Bowers, Lisgar St., 60; Capt. Magwood, Lieut. Patrick, Hamilton II, 60; Lieut. Andrew, Aurora, 55; P. S.-M. Rice, Temple, 55.	
50 and Over.—Capt. Meader, Lieut. Thompson, Sergt. Thornby, Yorkville; Capt. Burgess, Lieut. McGaffey, Mrs. Phillips, Toronto Junction; Sergt. Lizzie Bradley, Temple; Lieut. Price, St. Catharines; Lieut. Keller, Niagara Falls; Capt. Varnell, Dundas; Adj. Knight, Hamilton I.; Sister E. Poulton, Lisgar St.; Lieut. Vandaw, Brantford; Sister Edith Dyson, Temple; Capt. Stickells, Capt. M. Thomas, Dundas; Lizzie Gorman, Lippincott; Capt. Lancer, Newmarket; C.-C. Mrs. Gibbs, Bro. Woodwart, Lippincott; Bro. Geo. Bell, Hamilton II.; C.-C. Pearl Ellis, Lippincott; Sister Clara Poulton, Lisgar.	

East Ontario Province.

27 Boomers.

P. S.-M. MULCAHY, MONTREAL I.	350
Adj. Crichton, Ottawa I.	150
Lieut. Morris, Ottawa I.	150
Capt. Phillips, Belleville	140
Ensign Clarke, Pembroke	130
Sergt. B. Armstrong, Montreal I.	126
Capt. Osmond, Quebec	100
50 and Over.—Lieut. Penn, Trenton.	
50 and Over.—P. S.-M. Rogers, Montreal IV.; Capt. Davis, Coumurg; Capt. McFadden, Deseronto; P. S.-M. Dudley, Ottawa I.	
70 and Over.—Capt. Salter, Tweed.	
60 and Over.—Cadet Du Feu, Belleville; P. S.-M. Fraser, Montreal V.; Capt. Lowrie, Morrisburg; Lieut. Lawrence, Capt. Wm. Forbes, Sherbrooke; Capt. McFadden, Ottawa II.	
50 and Over.—Bro. Somie, Ottawa II.; Captain Millar, Carleton Place; Sister Alice Salmon, Sister Muriel Fraser, Montreal V.; Mrs. Clapp, Capt. Ash, Pictou; Capt. Osmond, Iroquois; Sister Galton, Montreal I.	

Newfoundland Province.

12 Boomers.

SERG. PYNN, ST. JOHN'S I.	175
Cadet Caines, St. John's I., 76; Cadet Fowler, St. John's II., 63; Lieut. Tilley, St. John's I., 55.	
50 and Over.—Cadet Price, St. John's II.; Capt. J. F. Miller, Carbonear; Sergt.-Major Whitten, St. John's I.; Capt. Palmer, Cadets Forter, Inkpen, Moore, and Dave, St. John's II.	

ADDRESSES OF OUR RESCUE HOMES.

Toronto Hospital 25 Esther St.	
Toronto Shelter (Women), 63 Farley Ave.	
Toronto Shelter (Children), 216 Yonge St.	
London, Ont., Riverview Ave.	
Hamilton, 13 Mountain Ave. W.	
Ottawa, 245 Daly Ave.	
Montreal, Que., 460 Sanguin St.	
Montreal Women's Shelter, 59 1/2 St. Antoine St.	
St. John, N.B., 26 St. James St.	
Quebec, N.S., 48 Gillingham St.	
St. John's, Nfld., 28 Crook St.	
Winnipeg, Man., Grace Hospital, 486 Young St.	
Calgary, N.W.T.	
Vancouver, B.C., 1384 Pender St.	

Note.—No person should be sent to any Home without first having ascertained that they can be received. All communications to be addressed to the Matron.

MISSING FRIENDS

To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe: befriended, and, as far as possible, assist wandering women and children, or anyone in difficulty. Address: Commissioner Thomas H. Condon, 22 Albert Street, Toronto, and note: "Locate," on the envelope. One dollar should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses. In case a reproduction of a photo is desired to be inserted, with the advertisement, an extra charge of two dollars is made, which amount must be sent with the photo. Officers, soldiers and friends are requested to look regularly through this column, and notify the Commissioner later if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

(Second Insertion.)

5520. LLOYD, ALFRED FEROY. Age 26, height 5ft. 6in., dark brown hair, brown eyes, ruddy complexion. Supposed to have gone to Manitoba. News wanted.

5542. VEAL, RICHARD. Age 20, bright red hair, blue eyes, sharp features, height 5ft. 5in. Last heard of in Manitoba about a year ago. Mother enquires.

5543. PORTWAY, JOHN. When last heard of was in Toronto. Friends in the Old Land wish to know his present address.

5544. MOORE, TIGGS. Age 42, height 5ft. 10in., dark brown hair, blue eyes, dark complexion. Last known address, Pasadena, U.S.A. Supposed to have come to Toronto recently. News wanted.

5546. MARKHAM, JOHN. Came to this country in 1868. May have gone to the States. His brother, who has since come to Canada, is anxious.

5548. SWEDTLAND, CHAS. HENRY. Age 51, light complexion, blacksmith by trade. May be in Boston. His broken-hearted father is still alive and is very anxious for news concerning him.

5388. HINDSON, ROBERT. Age 24, height 5ft. 9in., sandy hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, has a scar on one cheek. Last known address, Maddison. May be in Hamilton now. Mother very anxious to hear of him.

5496. ROBINSON, CHRISTOPHER. Age 73, height 5ft. 10in., a gardener, black hair, black eyes. Missing fifteen years. Last heard of in Toronto. News wanted.

5497. HUTCHISON, SARAH, ABBIGLE, and NELLIE. Ages 16, 19, and 20, respectively. Left St. Mary's Industrial School, Liverpool, England, eight years ago for Canada. Brother Harry, who is in Canada, enquires.

5198. ANDRESEN, TOBIAS. Age 42 years, Norwegian, dark complexion, medium height. Left Norway in May, 1905. Last heard from in March, 1906. Was then in the Northern Construction Camp 3, Wapateit, Ont. Wife anxious.

5499. CLARK, JOHN JOSEPH. Came out from Ireland many years ago. Last heard of at Red River. Sister enquires. Very anxious.

5500. LEFLAY, EMILY MAUD MARY, alias Dare. Has two children with her, 6 years and 5 years respectively. All will be forgiven if you will come back.

5502. TRAVIES, DAVID. Age 79, height 5ft. 10in., long white hair, chin whisker down to his waist, has lost one finger, and is very feeble. News wanted.

5503. BENTLY, ARTHUR PHILLIP. Age 45, height 5ft. 7in., hard hair and mustache, dark eyes, fresh complexion, paper-hanger by trade. Last known address, Bath, Ont. Came to Canada in May last. News urgently wanted.

5504. LINTON, GEORGE. Left the Old Land three years ago. Supposed to have gone to Winnipeg. Age 33, height 5ft. 10in., grey hair, hazel eyes, fair complexion, has a slight deformity on nose.

5505. MULHOLLAND, LILLIE. Age 17. Supposed to have gone to Calgary in company with a Mr. and Mrs. Atkins. Went without parents' consent. Her mother is almost distracted and is anxiously waiting news of her daughter. Please write.

5525. HADLEY, WILLIAM THOS. Age 41, first-class telegraphist. Supposed to have come to Montreal in January, 1905. His widowed mother, who is very ill and heart-broken at not having heard from him since he left her, and who is also dependant upon charity, enquires after him.

5520. JOHNSON, MISS M. Last known address, St. Catharines, Ont. Her mother heard from her in January last, since then no word has reached her friends, who are very anxious about her. May have married a Frenchman.

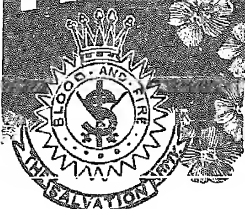
5506. JONES, GEORGE. Lived in Toronto for some years, then moved to Boston. Bricklayer by trade, age 41, height 5ft. 6in., dark hair mixed with grey. Last heard of in May. He may be in Roxbury, Mass.

IMMIGRATION AND TRANSPORTATION DEPARTMENT.

Will officers and soldiers remember that we have a Shipping Agency at Headquarters, and can book passengers to all parts of the world? If you have anyone going to or coming from England, or elsewhere, kindly write us for rates, etc., or have them do so. Address, Brigadier T. Howell, 20 Albert St., Toronto.

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TO SICK OFFICERS,
POOR CORPS
FUNDS. Etc.

BRING
YOUR GIFT.

"Bring ye all the tithes into
the storehouse and PROVE ME
NOW herewith, saith the Lord of

Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of Heaven and pour you out a blessing, that there
shall not be room enough to receive it."—Mal. iii. 10.

FAITH CONQUERS ALL

Tunes.—Ye Danks and Braes (N.B.B. 171); Madrid (N.B.B. 117).

1 All things are possible to him
That can in Jesus' name believe;
Lord, I no more Thy truth blaspheme,
Thy truth I lovingly receive;
I can, I do believe in Thee,
All things are possible to me.

The most impossible of all
Is that I'er from sin should cease;
Yet shall it be? I know it shall;
Jesus, look to Thy faithfulness:
If nothing is too hard for Thee
All things are possible to me.

All things are possible to God.
To Christ, the power of God in man;
To me, when I am all renewed.
When I in Christ am formed again,
And witness from all sin set free,
All things are possible to me.

ONLY THEE.

Tunes.—Only Thee (N.B.B. 151); Even Me (N.B.B. 149).

2 Only Thee, my soul's Redeemer!
Whom he called in heaven beside?
Who on earth, with love so tender,
All my wandering steps will guide?

Chorus.
Only Thee, only Thee!
Loving Saviour, only Thee!

Only Thee! No joy I covet
But the joy to call Thee mine—
Joy that gives the blest assurance
Thou hast owned and sealed me Thine.

Only Thee! I ask no other,
Thou art more than all to me;
Life or death or creature comfort—
I would give them all for Thee.

Only Thee, whose blood has cleansed me,
Would my raptur'd vision see,
While my faith is reaching upward,
Ever upward, Lord, to Thee.

WARRIORS WANTED.

Tunes.—Realms of the Blest (N.B.B. 110); We Shall Win (N.B.B. 113).

3 Who'll fight for the Lord everywhere,
Till we march by the river of light,
Where the Lamb leads His hosts free from care,
All robed in their garments of white?

Everywhere,
Who'll fight for the Lord everywhere?
Oh, think of the fiends everywhere,
Who on man's ruined nature have trod,
Of the curses that breathe on the air,
From souls wandering far from their God.

O Saviour, lead me everywhere,
Till each sin-burdened soul knows Thy rest
Till the prey from the might we fear,
And our country with Thy peace is blest.

I'll fight for the Lord everywhere,
For the terrible need I can see,
Many dying in sin everywhere,
My Jesus alone can set free.

LOVE'S OCEAN.

Tune.—My Jesus, I Love Thee (N.B.B. 185).

4 O boundless salvation, deep ocean of love,
O fullness of mercy Christ brought from above!
The whole world redeeming, so rich and so free,
Now flowing for all men—come, roll over me!

My sins they are many, their stains are so deep,
And bitter the tears of remorse that I weep;
But useless is weeping, thou great crimson sea,
Thy waters can cleanse me, come, roll over me!

The tide is now flowing, I'm touching the wave,
I hear the loud call of "The Mighty to Save";
My faith's growing bolder, delivered I'll be—
I plunge 'neath the waters, they roll over me!

A TRUE SOLDIER.

Tunes.—Christ Now Sits (N.B.B. 79); Spanish Chant (N.B.B. 90).

5 Christ now sits on Zion's hill;
He receives poor sinners still;
Will you serve this blessed King?
Come, enlist, and with me sing:

Chorus.

"I His soldier sure shall be
Happy in eternity."

I by faith enlisted am
In the service of the Lamb;
Present war I now receive;
Peace of conscience does He give.

What a Captain I have got;
Is not mine a happy lot?
Therefore will I take the sword,
Fight for Jesus Christ, my Lord.

Let the world its forces join,
With the powers of hell combine—
Greater is my King than they,
Surely I shall win the day.

IN THE FIGHT.

Tune.—Gird on the Armor (N.B.B. 228).

6 I have read of men of faith,
Who have bravely fought till death,
Who now the crown of life are wearing;
Then the thought comes back to me,
Cannot I a soldier be,
Like those warriors, bold and daring?

Chorus.

I'll gird on the armor and push to the field,
Determined to conquer and never to yield;
That the enemy may know,
Wheresoever I may go,
That I am fighting for Jehovah.
I, like them, will take my stand
With the sword of faith in hand,
Smiling amid opposing legions;
I the crown of life will gain,
And at last go home to reign
In heaven's bright and shining regions.

Will you not enlist with me,
And a gallant soldier be?
Yain 'tis to waste your time in slumber;
Jesus calls for men of war.
Who will fight and ne'er give o'er,
Routing hell's hosts in fear and wonder.

AN OLD FAVORITE.

Tunes.—Remember Me (N.B.B. 58); Belmont (N.B.B. 24).

7 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Did He devote that sacred Head
For such a worm as I?

Chorus.

Remember me, remember me,
O Lord, remember me;
Remember, Lord, Thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

Was it for sins that I have done
He suffered on the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
And love beyond degree!

Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in;
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin.

Dear Saviour, I can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

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